

THE
Sullen Lovers:
OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.
A
COMEDY

Acted by His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Servants.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL.

*Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poemata pangos
Occupes extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Es, quod non didici, sane nescire futuri.*

HOR. de Art. Poet.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the Anchor in the
Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange. 1670.

THE

Golden Lover:

OR THE

AMERICAN

COMEDY

As performed by His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Servants.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL.

Printed by J. Smith, at the Sign of the Gun, in
St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church,
in the City of London.

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TO

The thrice Noble, High and Potent Prince

WILLIAM,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of **NEWCASTLE**,
Earl of Ogle, Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Bolsover,
of Ogle, of Bertram, Bothall, and Hepple, Gentleman
of His Majesties Bed-chamber, One of His Majesties
most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the
most Noble Order of the Garter, His Majesties
Lieutenant of the County and Town of Not-
tingham, and Justice in Eyre, Trent, North, &c.

May it please your Grace,

HAD I no particular Obligations to urge me, yet
my own Inclinations would prompt me not
only to dedicate this to you, but my self to
your Graces service: Since you have so
much obliged your Country both by your Courage, and your
Wit, that all men who pretend either to Sword, or Pen,
ought to shelter themselves under your Graces Protection:

A 2

Those

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Those Excellencies, as well as the great Obligations I have had the honour to receive from your Grace, are the occasion of this Dedication: And I doubt not, but that Generosity wherewith your Grace has always succour'd the afflicted, will make you willing (by suffering me to use the honour of your name) to rescue this from the bloody hands of the Criticks, who will not dare to use it roughly, when they see your Graces name in the beginning, that being a stamp sufficient to render it true Coyn, though it be adulterate. That Authority that makes you able, and that great Goodness that makes you willing to protect all your servants, may give you frequent troubles of this nature, but I hope your Grace will be pleased to pardon them when they come from,

London, Sept. 1.
1668.

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most obliged humble Servant,

Tho. Chadwell.

H

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

Reader,

THE success of this Play, as it was much more than it deserv'd, so was much more than I expected: Especially in this very Critical Age, when every man pretends to be a Judge, and some, that never read Three Plays in their lives, and never understood one, are as positive in their Judgment of Plays, as if they were all *Johnsons*. But had I been us'd with all the severity imaginable, I should patiently have submitted to my Fate; not like the rejected Authors of our Time, who when their Plays are damn'd, will strut, and huff it out, and laugh at the Ignorance of the Age: Or like some other of our Modern Fopps, that declare they are resolv'd to justify their Plays with their Swords (though perhaps their Courage is as little as their Wit) such as peep through their loopholes in the Theatre, to see who looks grum upon their Plays: and if they spy a Gentle Squire making Faces, he poor soul must be *Hector'd* till he likes 'em, while the more stubborn *Bully-Rock* damn's, and is safe: Such is their discretion in the Choice of their men. Such Gentlemen as these I must confess had need pretend they cannot Erre. These will huffe, and look big upon the success of an ill Play stuff'd full of Songs and Dances, (which have that constraint upon 'em too, that they seldom seem to come in willingly;) when in such Plays the Composer and the Dancing-Master are the best Poets, and yet the unmerciful Scribler would rob them of all the Honour.

I am so far from valuing my self (as the Phrase is) upon this Play, that perhaps no man is a severer Judge of it than my self; yet if any thing could have made me proud of it, It would have been the great Favour and Countenance it receiv'd from His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses:

But:

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But I could not perswade my self that they were so favourable to the Play for the Merit of it, but out of a Princely Generosity, to encourage a young beginner, that did what he could to please them, and that otherwise might have been baulk'd for ever: 'Tis to this I owe the success of the Play, and am as far from presumption of my own merits in it, as one ought to be who receives an Alms.

The first hint I receiv'd was from the report of a Play of *Molières* of three Acts, called *Les Facheux*, upon which I wrote a great part of this before I read that; and after it came to my hands, I found so little for my use (having before upon that hint design'd the fittest Characters I could for my purpose) that I have made use of but two short Scenes which I inserted afterwards (*viz.*) the first Scene in the Second Act between *Stanford* and *Roger*, and *Molières* story of *Piquette*, which I have translated into Back-gammon, both of them being so vary'd you would not know them. But I freely confess my Theft, and am assur'd on't, though I have the example of some that never yet wrote Play without stealing most of it; and (like Men that lye so long, till they believe themselves) at length, by continual Thieving, reckon their stoln goods their own too: which is so ignoble a thing, that I cannot but believe that he that makes a common practice of stealing other mens Wit, would, if he could with the same safety, steal any thing else.

I have in this Play, as neer as I could, observed the three Unities, of Time, Place, and Action; The time of the Drama does not exceed six hours, the place is in a very narrow Compass, and the Main Action of the Play, upon which all the rest depend, is the Sullen Love betwixt *Stanford* and *Emilia*, which kind of love is only proper to their Characters: I have here, as often as I could naturally, kept the Scenes unbroken, which (though it be not so much practis'd, or so well understood, by the *English*) yet among the French Poets is accounted a great Beauty; but after these frivolous excuses the want of Design in the Play has been objected against me; which fault (though I may endeavour a little to extenuate) I dare not absolutely deny: I conceive, with all submission to better Judgments, that

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that no man ought to expect such Intrigues in the little actions of Comedy, as are requir'd in Plays of a higher Nature: but in Plays of Humour, where there are so many Characters as there are in this, there is yet less Design to be expected: for, if after I had form'd three or four forward prating Fopps in the Play, I had made it full of Plot, and Business; at the latter end, where the turns ought to be many, and suddenly following one another, I must have let fall the Humour, which I thought wou'd be pleasanter than Intrigues could have been without it; and it would have been easier to me to have made a Plot than to hold up the Humour.

Another Objection, that has been made by some, is, that there is the same thing over and over: which I do not apprehend, unless they blame the unity of the Action; yet *Horacio de Arte Poetica*, says,

Sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Or whether it be the carrying on of the Humours to the last, which the same Author directs me to do,

*Si quid inexpertum Scena committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, servietur ad Imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & libi casset.*

I have endeavour'd to represent variety of Humours (most of the persons of the Play differing in their Characters from one another) which was the practice of *Ben. Johnson*; whom I think all Dramatick Poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only person that appears to me to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life: most other Authors that I ever read, either have wild Romantick Tales, wherein they strain Love and Honour to that Ridiculous height, that it becomes Burlesque; or in their lower Comedies content themselves with one or two Humours at most, and those not near so perfect Characters as the admirable *Johnson* always made, who never wrote Comedy with-

out

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out seven or eight excellent Humours. I never saw one, except that of *Falstaffe*, that was in my judgment comparable to any of *Johnson's* considerable Humours: You will pardon this digression when I tell you he is the man, of all the World, I most passionately admire for his Excellency in Dramatick Poetry.

Though I have known some of late so Insolent to say, that *Ben Johnson* wrote his best Plays without Wit; imagining, that all the Wit in Plays consisted in bringing two persons upon the Stage to break Jest, and to bob one another, which they call Repartie, not considering that there is more Wit and Invention requir'd in the finding out good Humour, and Matter proper for it, than in all their smart Reparties. For, in the Writing of a Humour, a Man is confin'd not to swerve from the Character, and oblig'd to say nothing but what is proper to it: but in the Plays which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect Character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a Swearing, Drinking, Whoring Ruffian for a Lover, and an impudent ill-bred *Tomrig* for a Mistress, and these are the fine people of the Play; and there is that Latitude in this, that almost any thing is proper for them to say; but their chief Subject is bawdy, and profaneness, which they call *brisk writing*, when the most dissolute of Men, that relish those things well enough in private, are *shok'd* at 'em in publick: and, methinks, if there were nothing but the ill Manners of it, it should make Poets avoid that Indecent way of Writing.

But, perhaps you may think me as impertinent as any one I represent; that, having so many faults of my own, shou'd take the liberty to judge of others, to impeach my fellow Criminals: I must confess it is very ungenerous to accuse those that modestly confess their own Errours; but positive men, that justify all their faults, are Common Enemies, that no man ought to spare, prejudicial to all Societies they live in, destructive to all Communication, always endeavouring Magisterially to impose upon our Understandings, against the Freedom of Mankind: These ought no more to be suffer'd amongst us,
than

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than wild beasts: for no corrections that can be laid upon 'em are of power to reform 'em; and certainly it was a positive Fool that *Solomon* spoke of, when he said, *Bray him in a Mortar, and yet he will retain his folly.*

But I have troubled you too long with this Discourse, and am to ask your pardon for it, and the many faults you will find in the Play; and beg you will believe, that whatever I have said of it, was intended not in Justification, but Excuse of it: Look upon it, as it really was, wrote in haste, by a Young Writer, and you will easily pardon it; especially when you know that the best of our Dramatick Writers have wrote very ill Plays at first, nay some of 'em have wrote several before they could get one to be Acted; and their best Plays were made with great expence of labour and time. Nor can you expect a very Correct Play, under a Years pains at the least, from the Wittiest Man of the Nation; It is so difficult a thing to write well in this kind. Men of Quality, that write for their pleasure, will not trouble themselves with exactness in their Plays; and those, that write for profit, would find too little encouragement for so much pains as a Correct Play would require.

Valc.

Prologue.

How popular are Poets now adays?
Who can more Men at their first summons raise,
Than many a wealthy home-bred Gentleman,
By all his interest in his Country can.
They raise their friends, but in one day arise
Gainst one poor Poet, all these Enemies:
For so he has observ'd you always are,
And against all that write maintain a War.
What shall he give you composition now?
Alas, he knows not what you will allow.
He has no cautionary Song, nor Dance,
That might the Traity of his Peace advance;
No kind Romantick Lovers in his Play,
To sigh and whine out passion, such as may
Charm W.iling women with Heroick Crime;
And still resolve to live and die in Rhime;
Such as your Ears with Love, and Honour feast,
And play at Crambo for three hours at least:
That Fight, and Wooe in Verse in the same breath,
And make Similitudes, and Love in Death:
—— But if you love a Fool, he bid me say,
He has great choice to shew you in his Play;
(To do you service) I am one to day.
Well Gallants, 'tis his first, Faith, let it go,
Just as old Gamesters by young Bubbles do:
This first and smaller stake let him but win,
And for a greater Sum you'l draw him in.
Or use our Poet, as you would a Hare,
Which when she's hunted down, for Sport you spare.
At length take up, and damn no more for shame,
For if you only at the Quarrey aime,
This Critick poaching will destroy your Game.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stanford, ——— } **A** *Morose Melancholy* Man, tormented beyond Measure with the Impertinence of People, and resolved to leave the World to be quit of them.

Lovel, ——— } **A** *Amorous young Gentleman*, friend to *Stanford*, one that is pleased with, and laughs at the Impertinents, and that which is the others torment, is his recreation.

Sir Positive At-all, ——— } **A** *foolish Knight*, that pretends to understand every thing in the world, and will suffer no man to understand any thing in his Company; so foolishly Positive, that he will never be convinced of an Error, though never so gross.

Ninny, ——— } **A** conceited Poet, always troubling men with impertinent Discourses of Poetry, and the repetition of his own Verses; in all his Discourse he uses such affected Words, that 'tis as bad as the Canting of a Gyp-
sic.

Woodcock, ——— } **A** *Familiar loving* Cock, that embraces and kisses all men: so used to his Familiar endearing expressions, that he cannot forbear them in the midst of his Anger.

Huffe, ——— } **An** impudent Cowardly Hector that torments *Stanford* with coming to borrow Money, and is beaten by him.

Roger, ——— ——— *Stanford's* Man.

Father, ——— To Emilia and Carolina.

Country Gent. ——— } A Grave ill-bred Coxcomb, that never
 } speaks without a Proverb.

Tim. Scribble, ——— }
Jacob Dash, ——— } Two Justices Clerks.

Emilia, ——— Of the same Humour with Stanford.

Carolina, ——— Of the same Humour with Lovel.

Lady Vaine, ——— } A Whore, that takes upon her the name
 } of a Lady, very talkative and impertinently
 } affected in her Language, always pretending
 } to Virtue and Honour.

Luce, ——— Emilia's Maid.

Bridget, ——— Lady Vaines Maid.

Serjeant, with a File of Musquetiers,
Waiters, Fiddlers, &c.

The place of the SCENE,
L O N D O N.

The Time,
In the Month of March, 1666.



THE
Sullen Lovers:
OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.

ACT I

Enter Stanford and Roger his Man.

Stanf.

IN what Unlucky Minute was I born,
To be tormented thus where e're I go?
What an Impertinent Age is this we live in,
When all the World is grown so troublesome,
That I shou'd envy him that spends his days
In some remote and unfrequented Place,

With none but Bears and Wolves for his Companions,
And never sees the folly of Mankind!

Rog. Good Sir be patient, let it not disturb you.

Stanford. Patient—

Thou may'st as well teach patience to a man
That has a fit oth' Collick or the Stone.

Lov. What, in a fit agen *Stanford*? now art
Thou as moody as a Poet after his Play is damn'd.

(Enter Lovel.)

(Stanf.)

Stanf. Oh Lovel,

(Exit Roger.)

I am torment'd to beyond my patience
I am resolv'd to quit the World, and find
Some uninhabited place far from Consequence,
Where I may live as free as Nature made me.

Lov. Why this is down-right Madness,
Prethee send for a Chirurgeon and open a Vein,
Try what that will do; for thou wilt be as
Ripe for Bedlam else as a Fanatick.

Stanf. What would you have me do?
Where e're I turn me I am baited still
By some importunate pain, or some life making sorrow;
Then Boys do come upon me every Tuesday;
This makes my life so tedious and unpleasant,
That rather then endure it longer I'll find out
Some place in the West-Indies where I may
See a Man no oftener then a Blazing-Star.

Lov. Why, thou wilt come to be bound in thy Bed, Stanford;
'Thank Heav'n I find nothing makes me weary of
My life, thou art scandalous; Why dost thou abuse
This Age so? methinks, it's as pretty an Honest
Drinking, Whoring Age as a man wou'd wish to
Live in.

Stanf. Sure, Lovel, thou wer't born without a Gall,
Or bear'st thy anger like a useless thing.

That can't endure to live among such Fools,

As we are every Day Condemn'd to see.

Lov. Where's the trouble?

Stanf. Sure thou art Insensible, or thou wou'd'st not ask me,
I am more restless then the Man that has
A Raging Fever on him; and like him,
I change my place, thinking to ease my self, but find
That which should lessen does increase my pain.

Lov. As how, Sir?

Stanf. Could any man have born but yesterday's impudence?

Lov. What was that? for I have not seen you since.

Stanf. In the morning,

Coming abroad to find you out, (the only Friend
With whom I can enjoy my self) comes in a brisk
Gay Coxcomb of the Town—O Lord, Sir, (says he)
I am glad I've taken you within, I come on purpose
To tell you the news, d'ye hear it? Then might I
Reasonably expect to hear of some great Intrigue or
Other; At the least that the Kings of France and Spain

Were

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Were agreed—Then after he had bid me quess
Four or five times, with a great deal of amazement,
Says he: Jack Scatterbrain comes in with ten Guinea's
Last night into the Groom porters, and
Carry'd away 200; and then Teaz'd me
Half an Hour, to tell me all his Throes.

Lov. Now, shou'd I have been pleas'd with this

Stanf. You make me Mad to hear you say so.

Lov. If you are weary of one Company, why don't
You try another? and vary your Companions as often
As your Young Gallants do their Mistresses, or
The Well-bred Ladies their Servants.

Stanf. Where e're I go I meet the same affliction: If I go
Into the City, there I find a Company of Fellows
Selling of their Souls for Two-pence in the Shilling
Profit.

Lovel. You are too Satirical—

Stanf. Besides I find the very fools I avoid at this
End of the Town, come thither, some to take
Up Money at Ten in the hundred; what will
Interest and Brokage, as they call it, others to take
Up Commodities upon Tick, which they sell at half
Value for ready Money, and these Inhumane Rascals
I'th very midst of all their business will fix upon
Me, and I am more barbarously us'd by e'm, then a
New Poet by a Knot of Critics.

Lov. So Sir I go on with your Relation.

Stanf. The other day, being ty'd almost to death with the
Impertinence of Fopps that importun'd me
For Variety, I ventur'd into a Coffee-house:
There I found a Company of formal Starch'd Fellows
Talking Gravely, Wisely, and nothing to the purpose,
And with undaunted Impudence discoursing of the
Right of Empires; the Management of Peace and War
And the great Intrigues of Councils; when my
Conscience you wou'd have sooner took e'm for
Tooth-Drawers then Privy-Counsellors.

Lov. But why don't you make him
Pleasant to your self, and laugh at e'm as I do?

Stanf. Faith Sir, I cannot find the Jest out.

Lov. Yet methinks however this should not make me
Uneasie to my self.

Stanf. Sure, Lovell, you have not been more then ever Starch'd; This
damn'd Impertinence makes me resolute to fly my Country; I can never
find

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find one hours refreshment in a Year: If I go to the Theatre, where all People hope to please themselves; either I find an insupportable Play; or if a good one, ill acted; or which is worse, so many troublesome Wits buzzing about my Ears, that I am driven from thence too.

Lov. If this torments you so, then change the Scene, and Go to Court, where Conversation is refin'd.

Stanf. Why so I do; but there I find a company of gaudy nothings That fain would be Courtiers; that think they are Hardly dealt withal not to have Employment too: Besides, when after all my persecutions, I think To ease my self at night by sleep, as last night About eleven or twelve of Clock, at a solemn Funeral the Bells set out: That Men should be Such Owls to keep five thousand People awake, with Ringing a Peal to him that does not hear it!

Lov. But 'tis generously done, especially since in my Conscience they expect no thanks for their Labour, Neither from their Dead Friend, nor any one else.

Stanf. A Curse upon e'm, this was no sooner past, but About two in the Morning comes the Bell-man, And in a dismal Tone repeats worse Rhimes Than a Cast Poet of the Nursery can make; after Him, come those Rogues that wake People with their Barbarous tunes, and upon their Toting Instruments make a more-Hellish Noise than they Do at a Play-house, when they flourish for the Entrance of Witches.

Lov. All this disturbs not me: but if you are troubled With this Noise, why don't you live in the Country? There you may be free.

Stanf. Free! Yet to be drunk with March-Beer, and Wine, worse then ever was serv'd in at Py-corner at the eating of Pigs; and hear no other Discourse, but of Horses, Dogs, and Hawks.

Lov. I would not be of your uneasie disposition for The World: but granting all this: Cannot the Women of the Town please you? methinks The pretty Devils have Charms enough to keep me In the World still without the Danger of being Felo-de-se.

Stanf. Women! O! name e'm not: They are impertinence It self, I can scarce endure the sight of e'm.

Lov. Why thou art stark-mad; faith for my part I Ne're met with any of the Sex that was kind and Pretty, but I cou'd bear with her impertinence.

Stanf. k

Stanf. It cannot be.
Stanf. No, I won't should I try me: And bring
 Me to a New Woman that's handsome self I
 Bogg'd at her Impertinence, may I never have
 Other to help me at my Necessity, then an Oyster-
 Wife, or one that cries Ends of Gold and Silver:
 Methinks Beauty and Impertinence do well enough
 Together.

Stanf. Sure you railly with me all this while, you cannot
 Be so stupid to think I have not reason in my
 Opinion; but nothing I have ever told you yet
 Has equall'd the persecution of this Day.

Lov. I know whom that concerns—~~prebce let me~~
 Hear't, that I may laugh a little at those
 Monkeys; The Variety of their folly always
 Affords new matter.

Stanf. That it does, to my sad experience; This morning, just as I was
 coming to look for you, Sir *Positive At-all*, that Fool, that will let no
 Man understand any thing in his Company, Arrests me with his Imperti-
 nence; says he, with a great deal of Gravity, perhaps I am the Man of
 the World that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a
 great deal of Wit in e'm; Those are, the Silent Woman, and the Scornful
 Lady——And if I understand any thing in the World, there's Wit
 enough, in both those, to make one good Play, if I had the management
 of e'm: for you must know, this is a thing I have thought upon and consi-
 der'd.

Lov. This is the pleasant'st thing I ever heard.

Stanf. May you have enough on't then if you think so:
 But this was not all, for notwithstanding I
 Granted his Opinion, he forc'd me to stay an
 Hour to hear his Impertinent Reasons for't;
 But no sooner, by some happy Accident or
 Other, had I got rid of him, but in comes
 That familiar Loving Puppy *Woodcock*, that admires
 Fools for Wits, and torments me with a damn'd
 Coranto, as he calls it, upon his Violin, which he u'd
 So barbarously, I was ready to take it for a
 Bag-pipe.

Lov. This would have made me broke my Spleen with Laughter.

Stanf. I must be stung with a Tarrantula, before I could laugh at it: but
 here my persecution did not end; For after I had got loose from the o her
 two, whom shou'd I see as I came along, but that infinite Coxcomb Poet
Nimble: who by force of Arms hales me into his Lodging, and read me
 there a Confounded Scene in Heroick Verse: so that what with Sir *Positive's*

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Orations, Woodcocks squeaking Fiddle, and Poet Ninny's Herodick Poetical, I have a greater Windmill in my brain than a New Postillion with his head full of Reformation; but as Fate would have it, in came a Duke, and out got I; and for fear of further Interruption, came back to my Lodging.

Roger. O Sir I here's Poet Ninny—

Stanf. I ha' but nam'd the Devil, and see I have rais'd him,

Ninn. Mr. Lovel, Your humble Servant,

Lov. Sweet Mr. Ninny, Pm yours.

Ninn. But dear Mr. Stanford, I am infinitely troubl'd That that unmannerly Rascal should come and disturb Us just now: but you know, Sir, we cannot help the Impertinence of foolish idle Fellows.

Stanf. No, no! you have convinc'd me humbly of that. (Aside.) How the Devil could he follow me? I think the Rascal has as good a Nose as a Blood-Hound.

Nnn. I have a Copy of Herodick Verses will fit him I warrant you.

Lov. Read 'em to him, he's a great Judge I can assure you.

Ninn. Sir, I am happy to meet with one that is so great A Judge of Poetry as you are, for it is a miserable Thing for an Author to expose his things to empty Giddy fellows; and let me tell you, between you and I, there are seven thousand Fops to seven Wise Men.

Lov. That so great a Truth should be spoken by one That I'll swear is none of the seven!

Stanf. Now do you judge Lovel?

'Slife, another Tearer here! Woodcock?

Wood. Dear Ninny, Ah dear Lovel: Ah my dear Jack Stanford, I am The happiest Man in thy Friendship of any Man's upon Earth, Dear Jack, I have the greatest value for thee in the World; I prethee Kiss me agen dear Heart.

Stanf. Now Lovel, Have I reason or not?

Lov. That you have to Laugh: This is my recreation.

Stanf. Well! if I do not leave the World within these three days, May I be eternally baited by Sir Positive, Ninny and Woodcock, which is a Curse worse then the worst of my Enemies Whines.

Wood. Hay! Art thou resolv'd to give over the World too Dear Heart? There's a Lady that came to Town Yesterday that is of the same mind: she told me So, but I hope she will not, for the truth on't is Jack. I am in Love with her.

Ninn. Be you so, but I hope I shall catch her from you for all that.

Wood. She

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Wood. She says she's so troubled with Impertinent People, which, between you and I *Jack*, are so numerous in this Town, that a Man cannot live in quiet for e'm, that she's resolv'd to leave the World to be quit of e'm.

Ninn. Yes, Faith she told me so last night as I was reading
A Scene of my Play to her.

Stanf. No doubt she had reason.

Wood. 'Tis your Acquaintance Ned Lovel, Carolina's Sister, *Emilia*.

Lov. Now *Stanford* I'll oblige you; and bring you
Acquainted with this Lady: Certainly her humour
Will please you.

Stanf. My Friend torment me too! Have I not Impertinent
Acquaintance enough already; but you must endeavour
To trouble me with more?

Wood. Well! that's an Excellent Copy of
Verses of thine, Dear *Ninny*. Come on *Jack*,
Thou shalt hear e'm.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! (Offers to go out.)

Ninn. Hold, hold; You shall hear.

Your sad indifference——(Look you Sir, 'tis upon a
Lady that is indifferent in her Carriage tow'rd me.)

Your sad indifference——(I am confident this
Will please you, here are many thoughts I was happy in,

And the Choice of words not unpleasant, which you
Know is the greatest matter of all)——Your sad indifference

So wounds——(Look you, you shall find as much
Soul and Force, and Spirit, and Flame in this, as ever you
Saw in your Life.)

Wood. Come *Jack*, hear't, it is a most admirable piece.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, What think you? (Lovel Laughs.)
Gentlemen, I have Extraordinary business,
I must leave you.

Wood. No, no, hold! Faith thou shalt stay and hear
His Verses, they are as good as ever were read;

Come *Ninny*——

Stanf. O Devil! What have I deserv'd to have this
Inflicted upon me?

Ninn. } Your sad indifference so wounds my fair,

Reads. } At once I hope, and do at once despair.

How do you like that, ha?

You do at once both hate and kindness show;

And are at once both kind and cruel too.

Wood. O! Very fine! Is't not Ned?

Lov. O! Extream fine.

Stan. What the Devil makes you commend these foolish Verses,
That are nothing but a jingling of Words?
Let's go.

Ninn. Hold! hold! hold, hear the rest; hem—

Reads. At once my hopes you nourish and destroy,

agen. My onely grief, and yet my onely Joy.
Mark that.

Stan. O Devil!

Ninn. Virtue and Vice at once in you do shine;

reads. Your Inclinations are, and are not mine.

Wood. O Admirable! Didst ever hear any thing so
Fine in thy life, Dear Heart?

Stan. O how these Curs bait me!

Ninny reads. At once a storm and calm I do espy,

agen. And do at once a smile and frown defy.

At once you kindle and put out my flame:

I cold as Ice, as hot as Charcoal am.

*Mark that Mr. Stanford, I was very happy in that
Thought, as I hope to breathe.*

Wood. Upon my Word, Jack, that's a great sight of his.

Rog. Sir, methinks there's as pretty a Soul in't, as a Man shall see in a
Summers Day.

Stan. What am I condemn'd to?

Lov. Why do you torment your self thus? methinks nothing can be
pleasanter.

Stan. Gentlemen, detain me not, I'll stay no longer.

Ninn. Dear Mr. Stanford, I ha' just done, if you have any respect in
the World for me, stay and hear the end on't.

Wood. Nay, 'Faith Jack thou shalt stay.

Stan. What's this I endure?

Ninny? My Fate at once is gentle and severe,

reads. You will not shew your Hate, nor Love declare:

Such safety and such danger's in your eye,

That I resolve at once to live and dye.

There's Body and Soul, in that last Couplet.

Lov. Hey, riddle my riddle, but this is the
Fashionable way of writing.

Ninn. What say you, Sir? Are they not well?

You are a great Judge.

Stan. Pray Sir let me go, I am no Judge at all; let me go,
I will not stay.

Sir Positive here! I had rather

Go against an Insurrection of 'Prentices, than
Encounter him.

(Exit Sir Positive.

Sir Positive.

The Impertinents.

9

Sir Posit. Ah Dear *Jack*! Have I found thee? I would not but have seen you for twenty pound: I have made this morning a glorious Corrant, an immortal Corrant, a Corrant with a Soul in't; I'll defie all Europe to make such another: You may talk of your *Baptists*, your *Locks*, and your *Banisters*; let me see 'em mend this: Why here's at least 23 Notes Compass, Fa la, la, &c. You shall hear.

Wood. Come, *Sir Positive*, let's hear't.

Sir Posit. With all my heart: Fa, la, la.

Stanf. Oh Heaven! *Sir Positive*, though I love Musick, Yet at present I must tell you, I am out of Tune.

Ninn. Out of Tune, Ha, ha, ha, — Now have you said the Best thing in the World, and do not know it.

Stanf. *Sir Positive*, I must take my leave of you, I must not lose my Business for a little Musick.

Sir Posit. Hold, now you talk of Musick —

Stanf. 'Alife, Sir, I talk of my Business.

Sir Posit. But for Musick, if any Man in England gives you a better account of that then I do, I will give all Mankind leave to spit upon me: You must know it's a thing I have thought upon and consider'd, and made it my business from my Cradle; besides, I am so naturally a Musician, that *Gammus*, *A re*, *Bemi*, were the first words I could learn to speak: Do you like *Baptist's* way of Composing?

Low. No doubt, Sir, he's a great Master.

Wood. As ever was born, take that from me.

Sir Posit. Upon my word, *Stanford*, I will make all my Tunes like his. You shall hear his Vein in this Corrant now.

Stanf. One trouble upon the neck of another — When shall I be deliver'd from these Fools?

Sir Posit. Do but ask *Ninny* there.

Ninn. Yes doubtless, *Sir Positive* has a great Soul of Musick in him; he has great power in Corrantes and Jiggs; and composes all the Musick to my Plays; he has great power.

Wood. As any man that ever was born, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Come, you shall hear —

Stanf. Sir, I beg your pardon; I'll hear it some other time.

Sir Posit. Pish, pish, Upon my Honour thou shalt stay, And hear it now.

Low. Come, Dear *Sir Positive*, Make us happy.

Sir Posit. Observe! here's Flame in this Corrant — Fa, la, la.

There's a delicate Note in B Fa Bemi in Alt.

And observe now how it falls down to C. Sol. Fa. Ut.

Fa, la, la — There's Mastery for you.

Stanf. I do not like that part of your Corrant.

Sir Posit.

Sir *Posit*. It's a prodigious thing, thou shoud'st ever be in my Company, and understand Musick no better, thou hast found fault with the best part of the Corrant, ask *Woodcock* else.

Wood. By the Lord *Harry*, there is a great deal of Glory in that part of the Corrant.

Sir *Posit*. Observe here how cunningly it falls out of the Key, Fa, la, &c. And now at last it ends quite out of the Key.

Stanf. Well, well! it's an Excellent Corrant; What the Devil Will you have more? — Fare you well.

Sir *Posit*. No, no; Stay but one Minute and you shall hear it. All together. *Ninny*, Do you beat Time —

Wood. Well thought on, do, and I'll dance To't, Dear Hearts.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, what think you? this Torture's worse than any the Dutch invented at *Amboyna*.

Sir *Posit*. Here's a Corrant for you, ha! *Stanford*, What think'st of this?

Wood. Think quoth a', I think I danc'd it as well As any Man in England, Bully-Rock.

Lev. Certainly, Sir *Positive*, he dances very finely.

Sir *Posit*. As any man that ever was born upon two Legs: I defie any Man in the World that out-does him; For betwixt you and I, I taught him every step he has.

Rog. Upon my word, *Woodcock*, you have as much power In Dancing, as any Man in England.

Wood. Dear Heart let me kiss thee; Gad thou art a great Judge — Here, drink my Health.

Rog. Ah! Dear Flattery, How convenient a sin art thou? (aside.)

Ninn. Come, Mr. *Woodcock*, you shall go to the reading of my Play.

Wood. Ay! Come on, Bully-Rock — (Exeunt *Nin*. and *Wood*.)

Lov. Come, I'll take pity on you, *Stanford*, and go before, and prepare some place or other, where we may enjoy our selves, and you be free. I'll take your Man along with me, and send him back agen in haste for you; by that means you may get loose.

Stanf. For Heavens sake make haste, you'll oblige me for ever.

(Exeunt *Lovel* and *Roger*.)

Sir *Positive*! I am sorry I must leave you now; I must go speak with a Gentleman that came From *Flanders* last night.

Sir *Posit*. *Flanders*! If any Man gives you that account of *Flanders* that I do, I'll suffer death; You must know I have thought of their Affairs, I have consider'd the thing thoroughly, never speak on't more, name it no more, let it not enter into your Thoughts, 'tis a lost Nation, absolutely undone, lost for ever, take that from me; and yet were I with *Castel Rodrigo*

The Impertinents.

11

Arigo but one quarter of an hour, I'de put him in a way to save all yet.

Stanf. This is beyond all sufferance. — Sir *Positive*, I am
So much in haste, that none but your self thou'd
Have staid me of all Mankind.

Sir Posit. Mankind! Dost thou know what thou say'st now? Dost thou
talk of Mankind? I am confident thou never so much as thought'st of Man-
kind in thy life: I'll tell thee, I will give Dogs leave to piss upon me, if
any man understands Mankind better than my self, now you talk of that.
I have consider'd all Mankind, I have thought upon nothing else but Man-
kind this month; and I find you may be a Poet, a Musician, a Painter, a
Divine, a Mathematician, a States-man; but betwixt you and I, let me tell
you, we are all Mortal.

Stanf. Well, they may talk of the Pox, want of Money, and a Scolding
Wife, but they are Heaven to my afflictions.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. *Sir Positive*, my Lady *Vaine* desires you wou'd come and look
upon her Picture that's come this morning from Master *Lilly's*.

Sir Posit. Why there 'tis now *Stanford*, that people shou'd have no more
judgment, she had as good have thrown her money into the dirt; 'tis true,
I cou'd have made him have made a good picture out, if I had drawn the
Lines for him, but I was not thought worthy; and now you talk of Paint-
ing, either I am the greatest Fopp in Nature, or if I do not understand
that, I understand nothing in the World: why I will paint with *Lilly*,
and draw in little with *Cooper* for 3000 l. ●

Stanf. O intolerable Impertinence! I am afraid 'he will not go now his
Mistress sends for him.

Sir Posit. Dear *Stanford*! I must beg thy Excuse.

Stanf. A Curse on him, that's easily granted.

[*aside.*]

Sir Pos. Come Mistress *Bridget*, I'll go along with you. — Dear *Stanford*
take it not unkindly, for I wou'd not leave thee but upon this occasion.

Stanf. A thousand thanks to the occasion.

[*aside.*]

Sir Pos. But you know a man must not disoblige his Mistress, *Jack*

Stanf. Oh no, by no means.

Sir Pos. Adieu.

[*Ex. Sir Pos. and Bridget.*]

Stanf. So! this Trouble is over.

O Fate! how little care you took of me,

By these Misfortunes I too plainly see.

[*Ex.*]

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Carolina, Lovel.

Car. I Long to bring 'em together, they will be well Match'd; but we must stay a while; for she has been so teaz'd this morning, she has lock'd her self up in her Chamber.

Lov. *Stanford* was ready to fall but with me, when I nam'd a new acquaintance to him, and will not be perswaded there is such a Creature as a Woman

That is not Impertinent.

Car. *Emilia* is as Cautious as he can be, and would be ready to (wound at the sight of a new face, for she will not believe but all mankind are Coxcombs: for heav'n's sake *Lovel* let's surprize them into one anothers Company, we shall have admirable sport.

Lov. Wee'l do't; but Madam, why shou'd we mind their business that have enough of our own? what if you and I should play the fools once in our Lives, and enter into the bonds of Wedlock together?

Car. Fy, fy, 'tis such a Constant condition of life, that a Woman had as good be profest in a Nunnery, for she can no sooner get out of one then other

Lov. But with your pardon, Madam, this is somewhat the pleasanter Condition of the Two.

Car. That's according as they use both Conditions; but pray Master *Lovel* bring not this villanous Matrimony

into dispute any more, lest that may make us desire

It: I have known some men by maintaining a

Heretic in jest become of that opinion in good Earnest.

But do you know that my Lady *Stanford* was here this Morning?

Lov. No Madam! but what of that?

Car. She told me that of you, will make your Ears tingle.

Lov. Of me, Madam! what was't?

Car. She says you are the most inconstant man, the most perfidious Wretch that e're had breath, and bid me fly you as I would infection.

Lov. What the Devil did she mean by that?

Car. Come let me know what's betwixt you, or I'll Rack you but I'll know it.

Lov. This Jealousie makes me believe you love me.

That she should be prating her self!

How many Women would be thought honest, if

They could hold their own Tongues?

Car. I am like to have a fine servant of you: but a Lady wou'd have a fine time on't that were to marry you, to stake all the treasures of her Youth

(Aside.)

Youth and Virginity, which have been preserv'd with so much Care, and Heav'n knows some trouble too, against nothing.

Lov. Faith, Madam, I have e'en as much as I had before, but if you'll be kind, I'll take that Care off your hands, and soon rid you of that trouble.

Car. No, no, go to my Lady *Vaine*, give her your Heart, poor Lady she wants it too; but for me, I can keep my affliction to my self.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*! name her no more, if you do, I will get drunk immediately. And then I shall have Courage enough to fall aboard her.

Car. Lord! what a loss shall I have? Heav'n send me patience, or I shall ne're out-live it, to lose so proper a Gentleman; but why should I think to rob her of her due? no, no, now I think on't, to her again, go, go.

Lov. For Heav'n's sake *Carolina* do not Tyrannize thus, why I had rather be kept waking at an ill Play then endure her Company.

Car. Thus are we poor Women despis'd when we give away our Hearts to ungrateful men, but heav'n will punish you.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*, let's leave fooling, and be in down-right Earnest.

Car. I hope, Sir, your Intentions are honourable.

Lov. Madam, why should you once doubt it?

My Love to you is as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar:

You are too unjust if you suspect my honour.

Car. Now will you leave fooling; on my Conscience He is in Earnest.

Lov. As much as the severest Anchorite can be at his Devotions.

Car. O! are you so? it's a hard Case, but pray you, Sir, leave off, I had rather hear a silence Parson preach sedition then you talk seriously of Love, wou'd you cou'd see how it becomes you; why you look more Comically then an old fashion'd fellow singing of *Robin Hood* or *Chevy Chase*.

My Love to you's as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar;
How scurvy it sounds!

Lov. You are the Cruellest Tyrant alive: Let us be serious a little, I have rallied my self into a passion will ruine me else.

Car. Come, in what posture must I stand to hear you talk formally?

Lov. On my Conscience 'tis easier to fix quick-silver than your humour, Madam, but if you wou'd enter into Wedlock I can assure you that will bring you to gravity.

Car. Let me but once more hear you name Marriage, and I protest I'll send for my Lady *Vaine* to you. I tell you again, I will not marry. I love your Conversation, and your humour of all things in the World. But for Marriage 'tis good for nothing, but to make Friends fall out.

Lov. Nay, faith if you be at that, I can do you the same Civility without that Ceremony, as you say it is a kind of formal thing.

Car. No! I shall take Example by my Lady *Vaine*,

Poor Lady, she little thought to be unkindly us'd, I warrant you.

Lov. Again that name !

Car. Besides, if we were Marry'd you might say ; faith *Carolina* is a pretty Woman, and has humour good enough, but a pox on't she's my wife ; no, no, I'll have none of that.

Lov. Do you still distrust my Honour ? 'tis unkindly done, but—

Car. Hold, hold, her door opens, step you in there, and you may hear how she entertains the motion.

Enter Emilia with a Book in her hand.

Emil. The Wisdom of this *Charles* the fifth was Wonderful,
Who 'midst of all his Triumphs and his Greatness,
When he had done what glory had oblig'd him to,
Seeing the Vanity of Mankind, did quit
The pleasures that attend a Monarchs state ;
Nay more, that most bewitching thing call'd power,
And left the World, to live an humble life,
Free from the Importunity of Fools : was't not
Wisely done, Sister ?

Car. Yes, no doubt on't, as wisely done to go to a Monastery to shun
fools, as to keep Company with Usurers and Brokers to avoid Knaves.

Emil. Thou art a Foolish Girl, I am tormented
With the Impertinence of both Sexes so,
I am resolv'd I'll not stay one Week out of a Nunnery.

Car. O' my Conscience thou art stark out of thy Wits with reading of
Burton's Melancholy, to a Nunnery to avoid Impertinence ! where canst
thou think to meet with more then there ?

Emil. Now you are too Censorious.

Car. You shou'd like me the better.

But must you needs find relief there ? do you
Think any Women that have sense, or warmth
Of Blood, as we have, wou'd go into a Nunnery ?

Emil. If I shou'd meet with Fops there too,
I should be irreparably lost : Oh Heaven ! what
Shall I do to ease my self ? rather then
Endure the persecution of those fools that haunt
Us here, I will go where neither Man nor Woman
Ever came.

Lov. O Rare ! *Stanford*, here's just thy Counterpart
To a hair.

Car. Since thou art resolv'd to sequester thy self from Company, I'll buy
thee a Cage and hang thee up by the Parrot over the way, thou shalt con-
verse with none but him : I hope he's not Impertinent too ?

Emil.

Emil. Must you torment me too? *fy Sister.*
What would you have me do? my *Patience*
Is not great enough to endure longer, to see
The folly of this age; Do you judge, after I had been
Sufficiently worry'd by the Lady *Vaine* this Morning,
Whom I was forc'd get rid of, by telling her, her
Lover my Cousin *Positive* was at her lodging, which
You know is as far as the *Pass-mall*.

Car. That *Virtuosa*, as she calls her self, is the pleasantest Creature I
ever saw: but prethee Sister, let me hear none of your fantastick *Stories*,
methinks you are as impertinent as any body.

Emil. It distracts me to see this folly in things that are intended for
reasonable Creatures.

Lov. O *Stanford*! if this Lady does not match thee, the Devil's in't.

Car. These Fools you talk of, afford me so much recreation, that I do
not know how I should laugh without e'm. (within.)

Emil. Thou hast no sence, they make me weary of the World! Heav'n!
what shall I do?

Car. I tell you: *Stanford* hearing of your humour, and admiring it,
ha's a great desire to see you; before you resolve to leave the world, try how
he will please you.

Emil. What a ridiculous thing it is of you to wish me to new Acquain-
tance, when I am leaving the old? I am sure he's impertinent, for all man-
kind I have met are so.

Car. Hift *Lovel*!

Lov. Your humble Servant, Lady's —

(Comes out.)

Emil. Is this he? then farewell.

Lov. Madam! pray stay, and give me the honour of one word with
you.

Emil. I knew what he was: my Lady *Vaine* here?

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

La. Vaine. Master *Lovel*! your most humble servant.

Lov. Your Ladships humble servant: how I hate the sight of her in pre-
sence of my Mistress!

Car. Lovel! for shame be civil to your Mistress: let's hear you make
Love a little.

L. Vaine. Madam, upon my reputation there was no such thing; Sir *Posi-
tive* was never there, sure some dirty fellow or other brought a false Mes-
sage on purpose to rob me of the pleasure of your Ladships sweet Compa-
ny: would he were hang'd for his pains, the passion he has put me in, has
put me out of Breath.

(To Emilia.)

Lov. Lord ! how soon she's put in and put out !

La. Vain. But, Madam, as soon as ever I found he was not there, I made all possible hast to wait upon you again, for fear your Ladieship shou'd resent my too abrupt departure.

Emil. O Heav'ns ! take pity of my afflictions, Madam—

La. Vain. But the truth on't is, I design'd to spend this day with you, since I can be no where so well satisfi'd as with your Ladieships Converse, a person who is Mistress of so much vertue and honour, which are Treasures I value above the World.

Emil. Why Madam.—

La. Vain. For the truth is, so few Ladies have either, that they are things to be valu'd for their rarity.

Emil. Oh Impertinence ! whicher will this Eternal Tongue of hers carry her ?

Lov. This is very pleasant, for her to name Virtue and Honour in my Company. (Aside.

Emil. Madam ! for Heav'ns sake—

La. Vain. For the truth on't is, Madam, a Lady without Virtue and Honour is altogether as detestable as a Gentleman without Wit or Courage.

Emil. Madam ! I am sorry I cannot wait on you longer, I am engag'd to dine abroad.

La. Vain. Where is't Madam ? for I am resolv'd to go along with you.

Emil. Why Madam, you do not know the persons.

La. Vain. That's all one for that, let me alone to make my Apology.

Emil. This is beyond all suff'rance.

Cor. I hope she will not leave her off so.

Lov. No : if she does, I am mistaken.

La. Vain. Come Madam ; Let's go.

Emil. But Madam, I must call at the Exchange first, To buy some trifles there.

La. Vain. O Madam ! I'll bring you to my Milliner, that calls himself the *Italian Milliner*, or the Little Exchange ; he's better provided then any one in the Exchange.

Emil. I am on the sudden taken ill, and must retire.

La. Vain. Madam, d'ye think, I that am a *Virtuosa* understand no better, then to leave you now you are not well ? what's your distemper ? no Woman in *England* was more serviceable among her Neighbours then I with my *Flos Unguentorum*, *Paracelsian* and *Green-salve*.

Lov. And your *Album Græcum* I warrant you.

La. Vain. That *Album Græcum* was a Salve of my invention : But a *propos*, perhaps it may be a fit of the Mother ; If it be, we must burn some *Blew-Inckle*, and *Partridge*-

Feathers

The Impertinents.

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Feathers under your Nose ; or the must smell to *Assa fatida*,

And have some Cold Water with a little Floure to drink :

Ay, ay, 'twill be so; pray Mr. *Lovel* come and help to hold her.

Emilia. Nò, no; Madam; there's no such thing I'll assure you :

I must beg leave to go to my Chamber.

La Vaine. Come, Madam, I'll conduct you, and be as careful of you As if you were my Sister a thousand times.

Emil. Madam ! with your pardon, I desire to be alone, and Try to rest.

La Vaine. Alone ! by no means in the World, Madam, it may Be very dangerous ; I would not for all the World, Madam, you shou'd be alone ; suppose you shou'd Fall into a Fit alone ; I can speak it by Experience, 'Tis dangerous for a Lady to fall into a Fit without An Able Body by her. Come, Madam, I'll conduct you in.

Emilia. How shall I get rid of her ? (Ex. *La Vaine* and *Emilia*.)

Lovel. Let's in and see when the Fury of this *Dol Comon* will be at an End.

Carol. Come, come, we shall have the pleasure of seeing my Sister worry'd almost to death. (Exeunt *Lovel* and *Carolina*.)

Enter *Stanford*.

Stanf. I wonder my Man returns not yet. I thought to have found Mr. *Lovel* here, but Here's one will do my business.

(Enter *Huffe*.)

Huffe. Oh Mr. *Stanford* ! Have I found you ?

Stanf. Oh Heavens ! Will my punishment never end ?

Huffe. I am the most unfortunate Man that ever was born.

Stanf. Why do you trouble me with this ? Am I the Cause on't ?

Huffe. No ! but I'll tell you, upon my Reputation, I have been nick't out of twenty pound just now at *Spiering's*, and lost seven to four, for my last Stake.

Stanf. What the Devil's this to me ? let me go.

Huffe. But, Sir, I'll tell you a thing that very nearly concerns you.

Stanf. Some other time ; 'Slife do not disturb me now.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear me, you'll repent it else.

Stanf. Make haste then, keep me in pain no longer.

Huffe. Why, I have found out the finest plump fresh Girl, Newly come out of the Country.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation ! Why do you trouble me with Such trifles ?

Huffe. Trifles, does he call 'em ? Well ! I see this won't do : (Aside. Bur,

But, Sir, I'll tell you somewhat concerns you more

Nearly ; Sir, it concerns your Honour.

Stanf. My Honour ! Why, who dares call it in question ?

Huffe. Not so, Sir ; but, Do you love Generosity and Honour ?

Stanf. Why do you ask the question ?

Huffe. Why then I'll put you in a way to do a very Generous And Honourable thing.

Stanf. What do you mean by this Impertinence ?

Huffe. If you will relieve an Honest Gentleman in distress,
Lend me two Picces, you shall have 'em agen within
Four and twenty hours, or may I perish.

Stanf. 'Pox on you for an Owl : There, take 'em ; I wou'd
I cou'd get rid of all my Impertinents at as cheap
A rate.

Huffe. I give you a thousand thanks.

Stanf. 'Slife I trouble me no more, be gone !

Huffe. Sir, It were a very ungrateful thing not to
Acknowledge the favour.

Stanf. Away, away, and let your gratitude alone.

Huffe. D'hear, Mr. *Stanford* ! upon mine Honour I'll
Return 'em to morrow night without fail. *Huffe offers to go
out, and returns.*

Stanf. Curse on you for a Rascal !

(Ex. Huffe.)

So, here's one trouble over !

Well, what's the News ?

(Enter Roger.)

Rog. Do you earnestly desire to know, Sir ?

Stanf. Must I have Impertinence in my own Family too ?

Rog. O ! I am so out of breath, I am not able to speak one word ; but
if I had never so much breath, I cou'd tell you nothing but what you'd be
glad to hear : If I had the wind of an *Irish* Foot-man, nay, of a Non-con-
forming Parson, or——

Stanf. Or, with a Pox to you ! One Similitude more, and I'll
Break that Fool's head of yours.

Rog. Well, Sir, since you are in haste, I'll be brief as a Fidler, after
he's paid for scraping, for I love to be so in Cases of this importance, for I
have heard——

Stanf. Out you Dog, a Sentence after your Similitude !
You are as impertinent as a Country Witness.

Rog. I have done, Sir, and now I'll tell you in one word :
Hold Sir ! here's a Spider in your Perriwig.

Stanf. Death, you Rascal ! I'll ram it down your Throat.

Rog. Be patient, Sir : *Seneca* advises to moderate our passions.

Stanf. Hang ye Rascal ! *Seneca* is an Ass in your mouth.
Tell me quickly, or——

Rog. Why, Sir, you are so impatient you will not hear me.

Stanf.

The Impertinents.

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Stanf. Faith but I will speak.

Roger. Not to boast of my diligence, which, though I say it, is as much—

Stanf. You Dog tell me quickly, or I'll cut your Ears off.

Roger. Why, Mr. Love! would have you come to him; What would you have?

Stanf. If I were not in haste, Sirrah, I'd teach you to know your Man, and who you may put your Trick on, you impudent Rascal.

Rog. Death! That I shou'd find Impertinence in— *As Stanford is going out, enter Woodcock.*

Wood. Dear Jack, thy humble Servant: How dost do? My Footman told me, he saw thy Man come in here, which made me believe I shou'd find thee here; and I had not power to stay from thee, my Dear Bully-Rock, for I can enjoy my self no where so well as in thy Company: Let me kiss thee Dear Heart; 'Gad I had rather kiss thee than any Woman.

Stanf. This is beyond all Example: Oh horrid! his kindness is a greater persecution than the Injuries of others.

Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, I love thee with all my Heart: thou art a man of Sence, Dear Rogue, I am infinitely happy in thy Friendship; for I meet with so many Impertinent silly Fellows every day, that a man cannot live in quiet for e'm, Dear Heart. For between you and I, this Town is more pester'd with idle Fellows, that thrust themselves into Company, then the Country is with Attornys; Is it not Jack?

(Exit Roger.)

Stanf. Yes! I have too much reason to believe you, a Curie on you—

(Aside.)

Wood. Ay, Did not I tell you so Jack? ha? but this is not my business: Dear Rascal kiss me, I have a secret to impart to thee, but if it take the least Air, I am undone: I have a project in my head shall raise me 20000 l. I know you will promise secrecy, dear heart!

Stanf. Don't trouble me with it.

Wood. No, it concerns thee Man: why, thou shalt go halves with me, Dear Heart.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't trust it with me, I have a faculty of telling all I know: I cannot help it.

Wood. Oh! Dear Bully-Rock, that Wheedle won't pass. Don't I know thou art a Man of Honour; and besides, so reserv'd, that thou wilt scarce tell a secret to thy Friend?

Stanf. Sir I am unhappy in your good opinion, this is beyond all suffrance.

Wood. No, Faith, Dear Jack, thou deserv'st it; but my project is this, d'ye see.

Stanf. Well! I am so tormented with Impertinent Fellows, that I see there is no remedy.

Wood.

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Wood. As I hope to Live, *Jack*, I am of thy Opinion: the truth on't is, 'tis intolerable, for a man can never be free from these Fools in this Town; I like thy resolution so well, that I am a Son of a Whore if I don't go along with thee: Ah how we shall enjoy our selves when we are both together, how we shall despise the rest of the World: Dear Heart!

(*Enter Roger.*)

Rog. O, Mr. *Woodcock*! Poor *Ninny* is gone to the *Rose Tavern*, and bid me tell you, he has extraordinary business with you, and begs you wou'd make all possible haste to him.

Wood. O Dear Rascal, kiss me! thou art the honestest Fellow in the World: Dear *Jack*, I must beg thy pardon for a few minutes, but I hope thou'rt not take it ill; why 'tis about business. Dear Heart, you know we must not neglect that.

Stanf. O no Sir, by no means.

Wood. Nay Dear Rogue, be not angry, prithee kiss me; as I hope to live, Ple return immediately; Dear *Jack*, thy humble Servant—

(*Exit Woodcock.*)

Stanf. This is a lucky Accident.

Rog. Sir, I was fain to sin a little for you, and get rid of him by this lie.

Stanf. Well! this shall excuse all your former Errors; 'lle away, for fear some other fools shou'd find me out. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Emilia, La. Vaine (following her up and down) after them, Carolina, Lovel.*)

Carol. Does she not Tease her bravely, *Lovel*?

Lov. Admirably! Oh that *Stanford* were here!
If 'twere for nothing but to see a fellow-sufferer.

La. Vain. Then Madam, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to let me wait on you to a Play? there are two admirable Plays at both Houses; and let me tell you, Madam, Sir *Positive*, that understands those things as well as any man in *England*, says, I am a great Judge.

Emil. Madam, I beseech you ask me no more questions; I tell you, I had as live stand among the rabble, to see a Jack-pudding eat a Custard, as trouble my self to see a Play.

La. Vain. O Fy Madam! a young Lady and hate Plays! why I'll tell you, Madam, at one House there is a huge Two handed Devil, and as brave a Fat Fryer as one wou'd wish to see in a Summer-day; and a delicate Machin, as they call it, where one sits and sings as fine a Song: And then at 'other house there's a rare Play, with a Jigg in't, would do your heart good to see it; but if there were nothing else in't, you might have your four Shillings out in Thunder and Lightning; and let me tell you, 'tis as well worth it as one Penny's worth another.

(*Emil.*)

The Impertinents.

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Emil. What have I done ?

Stanf. Am I trepan'd into Womens Company ? *{ Offers to go out, Lovel*

Lov. Hold, hold, hold, Madam, here's Mr. *Stanford* *{ lays hold of him,*
desires to kiss your hands.

Emil. I am in that disorder that never Woman was.

La. Vain. O Mr. *Lovel* ! she's falling into a fit of an Epilepsy : help all to hold her, lend me a knife to cut her Laze.

Stanf. This is worse then all the rest.

Level to La. Vain.] Let me speak with you in the next Room in private.

La. Vain. Sir, your most obedient Servant : I shall be glad of any occasion to retire with one, for whom I have so great an affection.

Lov. to Caro.] For Heaven's sake follow me, or I shall be in an ill condition.

Caro. I find you are an Errant Hypocrite, but I'll take you at your word for once. *(Ex. Lovel, La. Vaine, and Carolina.)*

Emil. I am the greatest object of pity that was ever seen : I am never free from these Impertunate Fools. *{ Stanford and Emilia walk up and down, and take little notice of one another.*

Stanf. I am not less afflicted, and have as much need of pity too.

Emil. I find no possibility of relief, but by leaving the World that is so full of folly.

Stanf. Who would live in an Age, when Fools are Reverenc'd, and Impudence Esteem'd ?

Emil. To see a fellow but the other day content with humble Linsey Woolsey, now have variety of Vests, Perriwigs and Lac'd Linnen.

Stanf. One, that but the other day, could eat but one meal a day, and that at a three-penny Ordinary ; now struts in State, and talks of nothing but Shattellin's and Lefronde.

Emil. In so corrupt an Age, when almost all mankind flatter the greatest, and oppress the least, when to be just is to be out of fashion, and to betray a friend is lawful Cunning.

Stanf. This is pleasant for her to speak against these things, *(Aside.* as if she were not as bad as any one : Who wou'd live in such a treach'rous Age, to see this Gentleman that Courts the t'other Gentleman's Wife, meet him and imbrace him ; and swear he loves him above the World : and he poor fool does extremely upon him that does the Injury.

Emil. Now has this Fellow a design to have me think him Wise : *(Aside.* but wisdom and honesty are fool'd out of Countenance.

Stanf. Now the illiterate fool despises Learning.

Emil. Nay, among the learn'd themselves, we find many that are great Scholars by Art, are most abominable Fools by Nature.

Stanf. This shall not persuade me to believe she is not Impertinent, *(Aside.*

Emil. Now the qualifications of a fine Gentleman are to eat A-la-mode, drink Champaigne, dance Jiggs, and play at Tennis.

E

Stanf.

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Stanf. To love Dogs, Horses, Hawks, Dice and Wenches, scorn Wit, break Windows, beat a Constable, lye with his Sempstress, and undo his Taylor; it distracts me to think on't.

Emil. Now does he desire to be taken for a discreet fellow, but this will not do. *(Aside.)*

Stanf. What relief can I expect in this Age, when men take as much pains to make themselves fools, as others have done to get wisdom?

Emil. Nay folly is become as natural to all mankind as lust.

Stanf. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn me to avoid these Fools?

Lov. Now let's slip 'em.

Car. We shall have a very fair Course.

*(Enter La. Vaine,
Ninny, Lovel,
and Carolina.)*

Emil. O Heavens! Are they here?

Stanf. What will become of me?

Ninny to? O Madam, I'll tell you; *Stanford* pray hear once.

Emilia. 'Tis such a thing as never was in the World.

La. Vaine. Ay, pray Sir hear him, he's as pretty a Wit as any man in this Town, except Sir *Positive* I assure you.

Stanf. What are we condemn'd to?

Emil. To a worse condition than Gally-slaves.

Ninny. I was with my Book-seller, Madam, with that Heroick Poem, which I presented to your Ladyship, as an earnest of the honour I have for you; But by the way, he's an ignorant ingrateful Fellow, for betwixt you and I, he has got some hundreds of pounds by some Plays and Poems of mine which he has Printed. And let me tell you, some under the Names of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson* too: but what do you think, Madam, I asked the Son of a Whore for this Poem?

Emil. O Insufferable!

Ninny. What think you *Stanford*?

(Lays hold on him.)

Stanf. Let me go, I have no judgment in these things.

Ninny. But I'll tell you; There are not above 10 or 12000 Lines in all the Poem: and as I hope, to be sav'd, I ask'd him but twelve pence a Line one Line with another.

La. Vaine. And really, Sir, that's as reasonable as he can possibly afford 'em, take that from me.

Stanf. O Devil! this is worse then a *Sheerneck's* Ague: that will give a Man some respite between the Fits.

Ninny. By my Soul, Madam, if he had been my Brother I wou'd not have abated him one penny; for you must know, there are many hundreds of Lines, that in their Intrinsic value, are worth ten shillings a Line between Father and Son; and the greatest part of 'em are worth five shillings a Line: but before *George* very few or none but are worth three shillings a Line to the veriest Jew in Christendom; they have that salt, thought, imagination, power, spirit, soul, and flame in 'em — ha!

Emil. What does this concern me?

Ninny.

Ninny. No, but I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee hear, as I hope for mercy this impudent Rogue told me, he would not give me two shillings for the whole Poem; an ignorant Puppy, a fellow of all the World I design'd to make, for he might have sold these Books for three shillings apiece, and I would have help'd off with 10000 of 'em, to ten thousand of my particular intimate Friends; besides, every one that had but heard of my name, which are almost all the Kings Subjects, would have bought some; so that I should not have got above six or seven hundred pound, and in a fortnights time have made this fellow an Alderman: That such ignorant Rascals should be Judges of Wit or Sense!

La. Vaine. Well Sir, we shall never have good World unless the State reforms these abuses.

Ninny. 'Tis very true, Madam, for this is a thing is of Consequence to the whole Nation, *Stanford*.

Stanf. What the Devil would you have? Am I the cause of this?

Ninny. No! Heav'n forbid I should say so: but Madam, I had forgot another Advantage he had had by this.

Emil. Heav'n defend me! this puts me beyond all patience.

Ninny. I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee mind me a little.

Stanf. Oh now I am undone, ruin'd for ever, Sir *Positive*'s here.

Emil. O intolerable!

[Enter Sir Positive.

Sir *Posit.* ? I heard your Ladyship was here, and came to kiss your
to *La. Vaine*. hand.

Oh *Stanford*, art thou here? well, how dost Cousin?

I am glad I have found you all together, I came to

Present my Lady *Vaine* with a Musick I have made,

Which has that Inventon in't, I say no more but

I have been this month of making it,

And you must know, Musick is a thing I value my

Self upon, 'tis a thing I have thought on, and consider'd,

And made my business from my Cradle.

Lov. Come Madam, now they are set'd in their business, let's
Leave 'em.

Car. With all my heart.

Sir *Posit.* Come! you shall see it.

Emil. Cousin! Pray let it be another time.

Sir *Posit.* Nay, nay, never talk of that, you shall see't now,

And let me tell you, I have as much power of Invention

In Musick as any man in England: Come in.

Stanf. O Heav'n, when shall we be deliver'd } Enter Fiddlers and play a
from these fools? } ridiculous piece of Musick,

Sir *Posit.* How do you like it *Stanford*, is it not well? what say you Cousin, ha?

La. Vaine. Indeed Sir *Positive*, it's very agreeable.

Sir Posit. Upon my honour this honest fellow plaid it with a great deal of glory, he is a most incomparable Fower, he has the most luscious, the most luxurious bow-hand of any man in *Europe*, take that from me, and let me tell you, if any man gives you a better account of the Intrigue of the Violin, than I do, I am an Owl, a Puppy, a Coxcomb, a Logger-head, or what you will.

Emil. Sure there is Magick in this; never to be free!

Sir Posit. Magick? why, do you understand Magick?

Emil. No, no, no, not I Cousin. O intolerable!

Sir Posit. I do; if you please, talk of something else, leave that to me, why I will discover lost Spoons and Linnen, resolve all Horary Questions, nay raise a Devil with Doctor *Faustus* himself, if he were alive.

Ninny to my } *Woodcock* a Poet? a Pimp, is he not?
Lady Vaine.

Sir Posit. Who's that speaks of pimping there? well! though I say't, no man pretends to less than I do; but I cannot pass this by without manifest Injury to my self.

Stanf. This Puppy, rather than not be in at all, will declare himself a Timp.

La. Vaine. But Sir, are you such a manner of man?

Sir Posit. Why Madam? did you never hear of me for this?

La. Vaine. No Sir! if I had—

Sir Posit. If I had—ha, ha, ha—why Madam, where have you liv'd all this while?

La. Vaine. O fy upon him, Madam, I shall lose my reputation if I be seen in his Company.

Sir Posit. Well! the Pimps in this Town are a company of empty, idle, insipid, dull fellows, they have no design in 'em.

La. Vaine. Sir, I am sorry you are such a kind of Man, but—

Sir Posit. Sorry! well! If I would bend my self to't, I would starve all these Pimps, they should not eat bread, but I am not thought fit.

La. Vaine. Sure you railly all this while.

Sir Posit. Railly! ha, ha, ha. Why, there is not a Lady of Pleasure from *Blackwall* to *Tuttle-Fields* that I am not intimately acquainted with, nay, that I do not know the state of her Body from her first Entering into the Calling.

La. Vaine. O Madam! I am undone, ruin'd for ever by being in his Company.

Sir Posit. Besides, for debauching of Women, Madam, I am the greatest Son of a Whore in the World if any one comes near me.

La. Vaine. Out upon you! if you be such a man, I will have nothing to do with you, see me no more, I must look to my Honour, my Reputation is dearer to me than all the World. I would not have a blemish in my Honour for all the riches of the Earth, this makes me so covetous of your La-
diships

The Impertinents.

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disbipa Company, a person of so much Virtue and Honour, but for Sir Positive I despise him; forbear my presence, you will undo my Honour for ever.

Sir Positive. Oh what have I done?

Emil. O horrid Impertinence!

[Offers to go out.]

Sir Positive. Nay, nay, Dear Cousin stay, and see us friends first. Madam, I beg a thousand pardons: 'Tis true, I said no man in England understood pimping better than my self, but I meant the speculative, not the practical part of pimping.

La. Vaine. O that's something, I assure you; if you had not brought your self off well with your Speculation, I would never have suffer'd you to have Practis'd upon me, for no Woman in England values her Honour more than I do.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Oh Madam, we must go to the *Setting Dog* and *Partridge* to supper to night, Master *Whiskin* came to invite us, there will be the *Blades*, and we shall have a Ball.

La. Vaine. Will there be none but our own Company?

Bridg. No Madam.

La. Vaine. Well! I am resolv'd not to fail if I can by any means get rid of Sir Positive, for I love meat and drink and fiddles, and such merry Gentlemen with all my heart.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. Your Servant, Dear Hearts; Madam.

Emilia I kiss your hand: Dear Jack!

Emilia. Nay, now it is time to shift for our selves.

Wood. My Dear Bully-Rock can I serve thee in any thing?

Stanf. Nay, then-fare you well—

Emilia and Stanford run out at several doors, the Impertinents divide and follow 'em.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, Sir Positive, Lady Vaine,
Woodcock and Ninny.

Sir Pos. **N**ay then Cousin, I am an Ass, an Idiot, a Blockhead, and a Rascal, if I don't understand Dramatique Poetry of all things in the World; why this is the only thing I am esteem'd for in England.

Emil. I can hold no longer. *(Aside.)*

This Rudeness of yours amazeth me; 'Tis beyond all Example, must we be perpetually persecuted by you and your Crew? For Heav'n's sake leave me.

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha, Cousin thou raillest well; 'Tis true, *Woodcock* and *Ninny* will be a little troublesome sometimes; but 'faith they are very Honest fellows, Give e'm their due.

Emil. Oh abominable! Worse and worse.

Stanf. to Ninny and Wood. } Gentlemen! what Obligation have we to endure your folly any longer, must we be forc'd to leave the World for such Importunate fools as you are?

Ninny. What a Devil ails he? he's mad; who does he mean by this?

Wood. Nay 'faith I don't know, I am sure he does not mean me, Dear Heart.

Ninny. Nor me neither; Take that from me.

Wood. Jack, If thou wilt leave the World, I'll go along with thee as I told thee, Dear Heart; but who is't troubles thee now Bully-Rock?

Stanf. All of ye; ye are a pack of the most insupportable fools that e're had breath, I had rather be at a Bear-Garden then be in your Company.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha: This is very pleasant 'faith: Call the greatest Wits and Authors of the Nation fools! Ha, ha, ha. That's good 'faith.

Wood. Nay, perhaps the greatest men of the Age: you are a great Judge indeed, &c.

La. Vain. Nay *Sir Positive* e'en leave her (don't be troublesome) since she desires you: Come Madam, I'll wait upon you, whither you please: we'll enjoy our selves in private.

Emil. This is worst of all; Do you think I can suffer the Noise of your Tongue for ever with patience?

La. Vain. O' my Conscience *Sir Positive* she's distracted.

Sir Pos. Yes Madam, if I be a judge, she is, and I desire any one to deceive me in this.

La. Vain.

The Impertinents.

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Ex. Vain. It must be so, for she has a vast deal of wit, and great wits you know have always a mixture of Madness.

Sir Pos. Well Madam! I found that by my self, for I was about three years ago as mad as ever man was; I 'scap'd *Bedlum* very narrowly, 'tis not above a twelve-moneth since my brains were settled again: But come, Madam, I'll wait on your Ladyship, for she do's not deserve the honour of such Company.

La. Vain. What shall I do to get rid of him? I shall miss my assignation, if I do not.

Sir Pos. Come, Madam——
Fare you well! since you are no better Company——

(*Ex. Sir Pos. and La. Vaine.*)

Ninny. So, so, now we shall be a little at rest: for let me tell you Madam, though *Sir Positive* be a rare man, yet my Lady *Vaine* is a little too talkative, and there can be no greater Trouble to one of sence then that.

Emil. You are the most Impertinent of all Mankind.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleas'd to say so——

Emil. You are a most abominable fool, and the worst Poet in Christendom: I had rather read the History of *Tom Thumb* then the best of your Poems.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleasant, but this won't pass.

Emil. Such ridiculous insipid Rhimes are you Author of, That I am confident you are that incorrigible scribbler that furnishes the Bell-man of this Ward.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha, &c, Madam, as I hope to breathe you droll very well, this is the pretty't humour in the World.

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Stanf. O Heav'n! what will become of me?

Car. Is not this extreemely pleasant?

Lov. There was never any thing equal to't.

Emil. Your Verses are such as School-boys ought to be whipp'd for.

Ninny. This will not stir me; Madam, I know you are not in Earnest.

Emil. And your Plays are below the Dignity of a Mountebanks stage. *Salvator Winter* wou'd have refus'd them.

Ninny. Nay, Madam, never talk of that, I'll shew you a Play I have about me: Come, Madam, we'll read it, here's the most glorious conceits, the most powerful touches, in a word, 'tis a Play that shall Read and Act with any Play that ever was born, I mean, conceived.

Wood. Come on Jack!

Stanf. Ah! Dear *Lovel*, use some means for my delivery, or I am ruin'd for ever: for if I shou'd go they wou'd not leave me, they are so barbarously cruel in their persecutions.

Wood. Nay, never speak of that Madam, before *George* you will bring your

your Judgment in question if you condemn *Ninny's* Plays, Dear-Heart.

Emil. Away you Coxcomb, you are ten times a more Ridiculous 'Squire than he's a Poet.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha. By the Lord *Harry* this is a strange humour of hers as ever I saw in my life: Well Madam, you will have your frolick, but come *Ninny*, wee'l e'en take our leaves.

Ninny. Ay, ay, come; your humble servants.

Wood. Your servant, Dear Hearts, this is the pleasant'st humour in the World,

Ninny. Ay, is't not? ha, ha, ha——

(*Ex. Ninny, and Woodcock laughing.*)

Stanf. O Friend, I have been more inhumanely us'd then ever Bawd was by the fury of the 'Prentices.

Lov. Still I say, laugh at 'em as I do.

Car. Let's leave 'em *Lovel*, for they are in such humours, they are onely fit for one anothers Company.

Lov. With all my heart, Madam——*Ex. Lovel and Carolina.*

Emil. Well! I will leave the World immediately.

Stanf. Which way do you intend to go?

Emil. Why do you ask?

Stanf. That I may be sure to take another way.

Emil. Nothing could so soon perswade me to tell you as that.

Stanf. What, are they gone? they have lock'd the door too!

Emil. I wonder what they leave us alone for.

Stanf. Heav'n knows, unless it be to be troublesome to one another as they have been to us.

Emil. I am sure I have most reason to fear it.

Stanf. You most reason? when did you see a man so foolish as a Woman?

Emil. When I see you.

Stanf. No, no, none of our sex will dispute folly with any of yours.

Emil. That's hard, I find nothing but Owls among the best of you; your young men are all positive, forward, conceited Coxcombs, and your old men all formal nothings, that wou'd have their sullen gravity mistaken for wisdom.

Stanf. This is not altogether so much Impertinence as I expected from one of your sex, but let me tell you, I have too often suffer'd by Women, not to fear the best of 'em, there being nothing to be found in most of the sex, but vanity, pride, envy and hypocrisy, uncertainty and giddiness of humour; the furious desires of the young make 'em fit to be seduced by the flesh, as the envy and malice of the old prepare 'em to be led away by the Devil.

Emil. I must confess I don't perceive yet that you are altogether so ridiculous as the rest of Mankind, but let me tell you, I have Reason to fear you

(*They walk up and down and take little notice of one another.*)

you will be so; perhaps your impertinence is an Ague that haunts you by fits.

Stanf. That disease in the best of Women is quotidian, and if you be not infected, you must be the most Extraordinary Woman in the World.

Emil. I would give Money to see a man that is not so, as the Rabble do to see a Monster, since all men I have ever seen are most intolerable Fops: would it not distract one to see Gentlemen of 5000 l. a year write Plays, and as Poets venture their Reputations against a sum of Money, they venture theirs against Nothing? Others learn Ten years to play o' the Fiddle and to Paint, and at last an ordinary Fidler or Sign-Painter that makes it his business, shall outdo 'em all.

Stanf. This looks like fence; I find she does understand something (*Aside.*

Emil. Others after twenty or thirty years study in Philosophy arrive no further than at the weighing of Carps, the Invention of a travailling Wheel, or the poisoning of a Cat with the Oil of Tobacco; these are your Wits and Virtuoso's.

Stanf. I must confess this is not so ill as I expected from you; but it does not less distract me to see a young Lady fall in love with a vain empty fellow not worth a Groat, perhaps for dancing of a Jigg, or singing of a Stanza of fashionable Non-sence; another on the contrary so insatiably covetous, for money, to marry old age, infirmity, and diseases, and the same bait that perswades 'em to Matrimony, shall entice 'em into Adultery.

Emil. This is not so foppish as I believ'd, yet though this be a great Truth, 'tis a very impertinent thing of you to tell me what I know already.

Stanf. How the Devil should I know that? I am sure not many of your Sex are guilty of so much discretion as to discern these things.

Emil. I am sure you have not much, that cannot distinguish between those that have and have not.

Stanf. I must confess I am a little surpriz'd to find a Woman have so little vanity, I could never endure the Society of any of the Sex better than yours.

Emil. To be plain with you, you are not so troublefom a Fop as I have seen.

Stanf. What the Devil makes me think this Woman not impertinent? and yet I cannot help it, what an Owl am I? (*Aside.*

Emil. I have been so cruelly tormented, and without intermission too, that this seems some Refreshment to me.

Stanf. Why should I be catch'd thus?

But I'll keep my folly to my self.

I can bear this with a little more patience; but if you should grow (*To her.* much Impertinent, I shou'd venture to break open the Door for my Liberty, I can assure you.

Emil. Pray Heaven you don't give me the first occasion.

(*To him.* Wel

Well, I know not what's the matter, but I like this man strangely; but,
What a Fool am I? *(Aside.)*

Stanf. How like a Woodcock am I insnar'd! *(To himself.)*

A Curse on *Love!* for leaving me alone with her!

Emil. What, do they intend to keep us Prisoners for ever? *(To him.)*

Stanf. I care not how long. *(Aside.)*

I think they intend to deal with us as they do with

Juries, shut us up till we agree of our Verdict. *(To her.)*

Emil. That would be longer than the Siege of *Troy* lasted.

Stanf. This is not half so bad though as our late persecutions,

That's one Comfort.

Emil. It fares with me like one upon a Rack, that is a little loosen'd
from his pains; 'tis pleasure to him when he compares his torments, though
those he has left may be intolerable too.

Stanf. In this we agree, though in nothing else.

Emil. I wou'd to Heaven we did in all things; *(Aside.)*
I am tormented with my self, that am forc'd by the Ridiculous Custom of
Women to dissemble, and that way endure my own foppery——

Ah dear *Stanford!* *(Aside.)*

Stanf. How now! she smil'd, and suddenly check'd the Liberty she
took. *(Aside.)*

Emil. O Heaven! I fear he has discover'd something. *(Aside.)*

Stanf. There must be something in't, I like her very well, but am re-
solv'd not to disclose it what e're comes on't; for, that will make her vain,
though she be not already. *(Aside.)*

Emil. Why don't you break open the door, Sir?

Stanf. I don't find much reason for't yet.

Emil. I could find in my heart to give you enough.

Stanf. Nay, I doubt not but 'tis in your Nature. What can the mean-
ing of this be? Is there nothing but Riddle in Woman? *(Aside.)*

Roger. Hold, hold, Mr. *Huffe*: my Master } *Enter Huffe and unlocks the*
charg'd me, of all men living to keep you out } *door, and Roger after him,*
of his sight. } *and lays hold on him.*

Huffe. Prethee stand by, you sawcy Coxcomb.

Roger. Nay, Sir, be not so boisterous; upon my word you pass no fur-
ther.

Huffe. Prethee, dear *Roger*, don't put this upon me.

Roger. My Master says it costs him two pieces a time to be rid of you.

Huffe. Prethee let me go, and you shall go my half.

Roger. Are you in earnest?

Huffe. Yes upon my Honour.

Roger. Nay then speed ye, but be sure you sink nothing. *(Exit Roger.)*

Huffe. I warrant you.

Stanf. Is he here! hold, hold, hold, here's your two pieces, don't trou-
ble me now. *Huffe.*

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Huffe. Your humble Servant, I'll return e'm again to morrow without fail: Ha! Do they come so easily? there are more from whence these came: O Sir, I'll tell you, I have had the severest fortune that ever man had.

Stanf. Away, away.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear, it's the most prodigious thing you ever heard.

Emil. What will this World come to?

Huffe. I was playing at Back-Gammon for my Dinner, which I won and from thence we came to five up for half a piece; of the first Set I had three for love and lost it; of the second I Gammon'd him, and threw Doub-lets at last, which you know made four, and lost that too; of the third I won never a Game.

Stanf. O Devil! Is this the Miraculous thing you would tell me? Fare well.

Huffe. Hold, hold, Sir! you don't hear the end on't.

Stanf. Nor do I desire it, Sir.

Huffe. I'll tell you, Sir, of the fourth Set I was four to two, and for the last game my Tables were fill'd up, and I had born my three odd men, so that you know I had two upon every Point.

Emil. O insufferable! though I feel enough my self, yet I cannot but pity *Stanford.*

(*To herself.*)

Stanf. O Damn'd Impertinence! Sir, I tell you, I don't understand Back-Gammon.

Huffe. Not understand Back-Gammon! Sir, that you may understand well what I say, I'll tell you what Back-Gammon is.

Emil. This is worse then t'other: sure *Stanford* has some Charm about him, that I can suffer this rather then leave him.

(*To herself.*)

Stanf. I desire none of your Instructions.

Huffe. Well: then as I was a saying, I had just two upon every point, and he had two Men to enter; and as the Devil wou'd have it, my next throw was Size-Ace; he enter'd one of his Men a Size; then Mr. *Stanford*, to see the Damn'd luck on't, I threw Size-Cinque next, and the very next throw he enter'd upon a Cinque, and having his Game very backward, won the Game, and afterwards he Set so, that I lost every penny.

Stanf. This will distract me; What the Devil's this to me?

Huffe. No, but did you ever hear the like in your life?

Stanf. This puts me beyond all patience.

Huffe. But this was not all; for just in the Nick came she that Nurs'd my three last Children that were born without Wedlock, and threaten'd to turn e'm upon my hands if I did not pay her. — 'Faith Mr. *Stanford* three Pieces more will do my business; upon my Honour I'll pay you to morrow: Come, will you Communicate?

Stanf. Yes that, that's fitter for you, —

Huffe. What is that Dear Heart?

Stanf. 'Tis that Sir. — (Kicks him.)

Huffe. That Sir, I don't understand you; if you go to that Sir: There's a business indeed. What do you mean by this? What would you make a quarrel, Sir? You'll never leave these tricks: I have told you of 'em often enough. What the Devil do you mean by that?

Stanf. Let this expound my meaning. — (Kicks him again.)

Huffe. 'Slife, Sir, I don't understand you: and ye talk of these things, and these businesses, Sir, I'de have you know, I scorn to be kick'd as much as any man breathing, Sir; and you be at that Sport, your Servant, your Servant, Sir.

Enter Roger at the Door.

Roger. Come Mr. Huffe, Divide.

Huffe. Divide! There's one for you, for two of { Gives Roger
a Kick.
'em was all I got.

Roger. This you might have kept to your self if you had pleas'd, but D'ye think I'll be serv'd thus?

Huffe. Let me go.

Roger. I'll not leave you so. — (Ex. Roger and Huffe.)

Emil. Why don't you go? the Door's open now, Sir.

Stanf. I am afraid I shall light into worse Company.

Emil. O Sir, that's impossible!

Stanf. How vain this is of you! now would you give me a fair occasion to flatter you, but I can assure you, you shall miss of your design.

Emil. Well, this is an extraordinary man; I love the very sight (Aside, of him: I wonder, Sir, you'll be so foppish to imagine I love to be (To him, flatter'd; I hate flatterers worse than our new Poets.

Stanf. What an Owl am I to like this Woman! sure I am bewitch'd:

Emil. Well, Sir, Farewel: and yet I would not { She offers

Aside. Leave him. { to go out.

Stanf. You'd 'evn as good stay, Madam, while you are well: you may perhaps if you go, encounter some of your Persecutors.

Emil. I'de rather stay here than venture that; my trouble is not here so insupportable.

Stanf. She must be a rare Woman! (Aside.

Nor perhaps is not like to be, unless it comes from your self: But (To her, I think there's less vanity in you than in most Women I have seen.

Emil. This is a most excellent person. (Aside.

Stanf. Dear Emilia. (Aside.

○ Heaven! Is he here? (Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Posit. Jack; Hark ye.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake! I have business.

Sir Posit. 'Tis all one for that Sir; Why I'll tell you.

Stanf.

Stanf. Another time ; I beseech you don't interrupt me now.

Sir Posit. 'Faith but I must interrupt you.

Emil. What can be the matter ? He listens to him.

(*Aside.*

Stanf. 'Slife, Why should you put this upon me now ?

Sir Posit. If you refuse me, I'll blast your Reputation.

Stanf. What shall I do ? though this be a Coxcomby Knight, yet the Puppy's stout. Are you so cunning in persecuting me, to put a thing upon me I cannot refuse ? well Sir, remember this. (To him.

Emil. What can this mean ?

(*Aside.*

Stanf. Come, Sir, I'll follow you, but a Curse upon you for finding me out : Madam, as soon as I have dispatched this business, 'tis possible I may see you agen.

Emil. But 'tis not, I'll assure you ; I'll never see the Face of one, that has so little sense to be seduc'd by such an Idiot as that is.

Stanf. How ridiculous is this of you, to judge of a thing before you know the Bottom on't ?

Sir Posit. Come, *Stanford*, prethee come away.

(*Exeunt.*

Emil. Have I found you ? this Fellow's as bad as any, and without doubt did but counterfeit his humour, to insinuate himself into my good opinion. What lucky Accident is this has undeceiv'd me ? I felt a passion growing in me might else have prov'd dangerous — *Luce* — (Enter *Luce*.

Luce. Madam.

Emil. Fetch my Hoods and Scarfs,
We take a walk in the Fields:

(*Exit Luce.*

Enter *Lovel* and *Carolina*.

Carol. How Sister ! What, have you lost your Gallant ?

Emil. O Sister, I thank you for locking me up with that Fellow ; well, the time may come when I may be quit with you. (Exit.

Carol. I wonder how the Door came open ; I believe there has been hard bickering betwixt 'em : but, I find my Sister is Conquerour, and your Friend is fled for the same.

Lov. Fare well he, let us mind our selves. Come, 'Faith Madam, Why should you and I hover so long about this Matrimony ; Like a Cast of Falcons about a Hern that dare not stoop ?

Carol. O Sir, the Quarry does not countervail the Danger.

Lov. I'll warrant you, Madam ; but let's raily no longer, there is a Parson at *Knights-bridge* that yokes all stray People together, we'll to him ; he'll dispatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two Fools that ever yet were condemn'd to Marriage.

Carol. I should be inclinable enough to cast my self upon you ; but I am afraid you are gone so far with my Lady *Vaine*, you can never come off with

with Honour: Besides, I am sure, what e're you say, you cannot so soon forget your kindness to her; and if after we are yok'd, as you call it, you should draw that way, I should draw another; then our Yoke would go near to Throttle us.

Love. Faith some would think it much the easier if 'twere wide enough to draw both ways: But Madam, will you never be serious with me?

Carol. I know you cannot love me, she's your delight.

Love. Yes, yes, I delight in her as I do in the Tooth-Ache; I love her immoderately, as an English Taylor loves a French Taylor that's set up the next door to him.

Carol. Sir, to keep you no longer in suspense, I am resolv'd never to Marry without my Fathers Consent.

Love. Madam, I'll not despair of obtaining that.

Carol. He has vow'd never to Marry me till he has dispos'd of my Elder Sister.

Love. Will you assure me to make me happy when that's done?

Carol. I think I may safely promise any thing against that time; for, as long as my Sister has these Melancholick Humours, she's far enough from that danger.

Love. I'll warrant you I'll make a Match yet between *Stanford* and her.

Carol. That's impossible, unless you can alter their Natures; for though neither finds Impertinence in themselves, they'll find it in one another: besides, their very Principles are against all Society.

Love. Well, Madam, I have a way to make 'em stark mad in Love with one another; or at least fetch 'em out of their Sullenness: We will perpetually bait 'em with our Fools, and by that we shall either plague 'em out of their humour, or at least make their fellow-sufferings be a means to endear 'em one to another.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Sir Positive, Stanford, and two Clerks.

Sir Posit. Now will I fix my two Clerks.

2 Clerk. But, Sir, before we engage, I would satisfy my Conscience whether the Cause be just or no.

Stanf. Hang the Cause, we come to fight.

Sir Posit. Why, I'll tell you the Cause, Sir.

Stanf. By no means, *Sir Positive*, we come to fight here, not to tell stories.

Sir Posit. We'll fight too; but by your leave I'll tell the Cause first, and you were my Father.

Stanf. Hold, Sir, think upon your Honour, this is no place for words; Let your Sword speak your mind.

Sir Posit. Sir, by your Pardon, I am resolv'd to satisfy 'em; no man in England knows how to manage these things better than my self, take that from me.

Stanf.

Stanf. O horrid Impertinence, I fear these Fools Tongues more then I can their Swords.

Sir Pofit. Sir, no man in *England* would put up this affront ; Why look you, Sir, for him to sit in the Eighteen Pence Gallery, pray mark me, and rail at my Play aloud the first day, and did all that lay in his power to damn it : And let me tell you, Sir, if in any Drammatick Poem there has been such Breaks, such Characters, such Figures, such Images, such Heroick Patterns, such Heights, such Flights, such Intrigues, such Surprizes, such Fire, Salt, and Flame, then I am no Judge : I understand nothing in this World.

Stanf. What a Cause his Valour has found out ! and how he Cante too ! What an Owl was I to come along with him ! *Sir Positive* dispatch. Come, come, Gentlemen.

Sir Pof. Hold a little —

2 Clerk. Why look you Mr. *Timothy*, this is a very honest and ingenious Gentleman for ought I see.

1 Clerk. 'Tis true, I sat in the Eighteen Pence Gallery, but I was so far from Railing against your Play, that I cry'd it up as high as I could.

Sir Pof. How high did you cry it up ?

1 Clerk. Why as high as the upper Gallery, I am sure of that.

Stanf. O Cowardly Curs ! will they never fight ? Y'e lye, ye did Rail at his Play.

1 Clerk. Sir, I'll hold you twenty pound I don't lie ; Sir, were you there ? Did you hear me ? This is the strangest thing in the VWorld.

Stanf. Will nothing make these Rogues fight ? You are both Rascally Cowards.

2 Clerk. 'Tis strange you should say so, you are very uncharitable ; Do you know either of us ?

Stanf. Oh insufferable ! what Sons of VWhores has he pick'd up, and what an occasion too ?

Sir Pof. Why do you say, you did not rail ? Did not I sit just under you in the Pit ?

2 Clerk. Lord ! Who would expect to see a Poet in the Pit at his own Play ?

Sir Pof. Did not you say, Fy upon't, that shall not pass ?

Stanf. Gentlemen ! either Fight quickly. —

Sir Pof. Hold, hold, let him speak ; VWhat can you say ? Do Gentlemen VWrite to oblige the VWorld, and do such as you traduce e'm — ha —

1 Clerk. Sir, I'll tell you, you had made a Lady in your Play so unkind to her Lover (who methought was a very honest-well-meaning Gentleman) to command him to hang himself ; Said I then, that shall not pass, thinking indeed the Gentleman would not have done it, but indeed did it, then said I, fy upon't that he should be so much over-taken.

Sir Pof. Overtaken ! that's good 'ifaith, why you had as good call the Gentle-

Gentleman fool: and 'tis the best Character in all my Play. D'ye think I'll put that up?

1 Clerk. Not I Sir, as I hope to live; I would not call the Gentleman Fool for all the World; but 'tis strange a man must pay eighteen pence, and must not speak a word for't.

Sir Pos. Not when Gentlemen write; take that from me.

2 Clerk. No? I would they would let it alone then. (Aside.

Sir Pos. But *Stanford*, it would make an Author mad to see the Invincible Ignorance of this Age, now for him to hang himself at the Command of his Mistress there's the surprize, and I'll be content to hang myself, if ever that was shewn upon a Stage before, besides 'twas an Heroick *Cato*-like Action, and there's great Love and Honour to be shewn in a mans hanging himself for his Mistress, take that from me:

Stanf. O horrid! this Magisterial Coxcomb will defend any thing.

Sir Pos. What do you think *Stanford*, you are a great Judge?

Stanf. I think a Halter is not so honourable as a Ponyard, and therefore not so fit to express Love and Honour with.

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha, To see your mistake! now that's the only thing in the Play I took pains for, I could have made it otherwise with ease, but I will give you seventeen reasons why a Halter's better then a Ponyard. First, I'll show you the posture of hanging, look, d'ye mind me? it is the posture of a Penfive dejected Lover with his hands before him, and his head aside thus.

Stanf. I would you had a Halter, you would demonstrate it more clearly.

Sir Pos. Faith, and would I had, I'd show it you to the life —

But secondly —

Stanf. Hold Sir — I am convinced, to our fighting business again; but they have given you full satisfaction, Let's away —

Sir Pos. No, no, hold a little.

Stanf. A Curse on him! did I leave *Emilia* for this?

Sir Pos. Sir, if you'll set your hand to this Certificate, I'll be satisfy'd, otherwise you must take what follows.

1 Clerk. Sir! with all my heart, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Pos. I had this ready on purpose, for I was resolv'd if we had fought, and I had disarm'd him, I'd have made him do't before I'd have given him his life; how do you write your self?

1 Clerk. *Timothy Scribble*, a Justice of Peace his Clerk.

Sir Pos. Here read it, and set your hand to it.

1 Clerk? I do acknowledge and firmly believe that the Play of Sir *Positive* reads (Att-alt Knight, call'd the Lady in the Lobster, notwithstanding it was damn'd by the Malice of the Age, shall not only read, but it shall act with any of *Ben. Johnsons*, and *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Plays.

Sir Pos. Hold, hold! I'll have *Shakespeare's* in, 'sife I had like to have forgot that.

1 Clerk.

1 Clerk? With all my heart.
reads. I do likewise hereby attest that he is no Purloiner of other
men Works, the general fame and opinion notwithstanding, and that he
is a Poet, Mathematician, Divine, States-man, Lawyer, Physician, Geo-
grapher, Musician, and indeed a *Unus in Omnibus* through all Arts and
Sciences, and hereunto I have set my hand the day of

1 Clerk. With all my heart.

Sir Pos. Come Sir, do you Witness it.

2 Clerk. Ay Sir.

(he sets his hand.

Sir Pos. In presence of Jacob Dash.

1 Clerk. Look you Sir, I write an indifferent good hand, if you have
any occasion to command me, inquire at the Stationers at *Furnivals-Inne*.

Stanf. Why you Impudent Rascals! how dare you come into *Offers to*
the Field? must I be diverted thus long by you? *kick 'em.*

Sir Pos. Hold *Stanford*! I cannot in honour suffer that, now they are my
Friends; and after this satisfaction I am bound in honour to defend 'em to
the last drop of blood.

Stanf. O intolerable!

1 Clerk. Sir! I pray be not angry! we did not come into the Field to
fight, but Master *Dash* and I came to play a match at Trap-ball for a Dish
of Steakes at *Gloster-hall*, and here you found us.

Sir Pos. Have you the Confidence to talk of Trap-ball before me? nay,
now you are my Enemies agen: hark you *Stanford*, I'll play with 'em both
for 5000 *l.* why I was so eminent at it when I was a School-boy, that I was
call'd *Trap Positive* all over the School.

Stanf. Then farewel good Sir *Positive Trap*.

Sir Pos. Dear *Stanford* stay but one quarter of an hour, and you shall
see how I'll dishonour 'em both at Trap-ball——They talk of Trap-
ball, ha, ha, ha.

Stanf. 'Slife what will become of me? out of the field you inconfide-
rable Rascals. Must I be diverted thus by you——

(They run out.)

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Emilia* and her Maid at one Door, *Ninny* and
Woodcock at t'other.

Emil. I thought we might have been free here: and here are these
Puppys.

Wood. Let's aboard of 'em, who e're they are, fa, la, la, how now Dear
Hearts? by the *L. Harry* it's pity you should walk without a Couple of Ser-
vants, here's a Couple of *Bully-Rocks* will serve your turn, as well as Two
of *Buckram*, Dear Hearts.

Emil. O Heaven!——

(Aside.

Luce. Gentlemen this is very rude! we shall have them come shall thank
you for't.

G

Ninny.

Ninny. As I hope to breath Ladies, you look the pretty *ff* in Vizard Masks of any Ladies in *England*.

Wood. And now you talk of Masks, I'll show you an admirable Song upon a Vizard Mask, Dear Hearts, of Poet *Ninny's* making.

Emil. Oh abominable Impudence!

Wood. But I must beg your pardon that I cannot sing it, for I am hoarse already with singing it to the Maids of Honour.

Luce. You sing it to the Maids of Honour?

Wood. But if I had a Violin here, no man in *England* can express any thing more lusciously upon that then my self, ask *Ninny* else.

Ninny. Yes Ladies! he has great power upon the Violin, he has the best double Rellish in Gam-ut of any man in *England*, but for the little finger on the left hand no man in *Europe* outdoes him.

Wood. You may believe him, Dear Hearts, for he's a great Judge of Musick, and as pretty a Poet as ever writ Couplet.

Emil. O horrid! what's this? there's no way to scape, but to discover our selves. *(They pull off their Masks.)*

Ninny. *Emilia!* what shall I do? I am undone, shee'll never own me again.

Emil. Farewel you Baboons, and learn better manners.

Wood. 'Slife shee'll take me for a Whore-master, I am nipt in the very blossom of my hopes.

Ninny. For Heav'ns sake, pardon me Madam.

Emil. Let me go.

Wood. No Madam, wee'll wait on your Ladiship home.

Emil. This is worse and worse.

Enter Huffle.

Huff. Heart! if I put up this, I'll give him leave to use me worse then a Bayley that arrests in the Inns of Court.

Wood. Why, what's the matter?

Huff. 'Slife, kick a man of honour as I am! I'll Pistoll him Pissing against a Wall.

Luce. Ay then or never, to my knowledge.

Wood. What's the bus'ness Dear Heart, hah?

Huff. Sir, I'll tell you.

Emil. This is a lucky Occasion.

(Ex. Emilia, Luce.)

Ninny. Are you gone, I'll follow you?

(Ex. Ninny.)

Huff. I had occasion for four or five Pieces to make up a Sum with, And went to borrow it of him,

And he like an uncivil fellow as he was——

Wood. What did he?

Huff. Why I did but turn my back, and he like an ill-bred Sot, gives me

me a kick or two of the breech, I'll cut his throat if I should meet him in a Church.

Wood. This will be an ill bus'ness; I am sorry for my Friend *Jack Stanford* ——— for Master *Huffe* honour is disturb'd, and I fear (*aside*) he'll revenge it bloodily, for he understands Punctilios to a hair, but I'll endeavour to prevent it however.

Huffe. If he be above ground I'll cut's throat for't, I'll teach him to use a man of honour thus; if he had pleas'd he might have dealt with me at another rate, as I hope to live I had a fighting Sword by my side near six foot long at that very time, and he to kick a man. P'shaw. He does not understand his bus'ness, but I shall find him presently. (*Exit Huffe.*)

Enter Ninny.

Ninn. Pox on't *Woodcock*, she would not let me go with her.

Wood. Prethee, Dear Heart, see if thou canst find *Jack Stanford* in the Fields, while I go and see if I can find him in the Town.

Ninn. What's the matter?

Wood. 'Tis a business concerns his life, Dear Heart, ask no questions, but if you find him, bring him to the *Sun*. (*Exit.*)

Ninn. What can this be?

But I'll go see if I can find him out,
So to be sure of what I'm now in doubt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV.

*Enter Lady Vaine and Carolina.**La. Vaine.***C**ome Madam, I am not so blind, but I have discover'd something.*Carol.*

What have you discover'd, Madam?

La. Vaine.

Let me tell you, Madam, 'tis not for your honour to give meetings privately to Master Lovel.

Carol. Why Madam, if I shou'd, are you concern'd in it?*La. Vaine.* Yes, Madam, first in my good Wishes to your Ladiship, I would not have the World blame your Conduct, nor that you shou'd have the least blemish in your honour, but that your Fame and Virtue shou'd continue unspotted and undefil'd as your Ladiships Beauty is.*Car.* Fear not, Madam, I'll warrant you I'll secure my honour without your Instructions.*Enter Lovel softly, and comes just behind them.**La. Vaine.* But, Madam, let me tell you agen, no Woman has really that right in Master Lovel that I have: but he's a false Wretch, Madam, he has no Religion in him, if he had any Conscience, or had used to have heard Sermons, he wou'd never have been so wicked and perfidious to a poor Innocent Woman as I am.*Lov.* This is very fine i'faith ———*(To himself.**La. Vaine.* Madam, he protested all the honourable kindness in the World to me, and has receiv'd Favours from me, I shall not mention at this time, and now he has rais'd the siege from before me, and laid it to your Ladiship.*Car.* I cannot imagine what you mean by this.*La. Vaine.* And Madam to confess my Weakness to you, I must needs say, I love him of all men in the World.*Car.* Well, Madam, since you do, I'll resign my Interest in the Gentleman you speak of, here he is.*La. Vaine.* Oh Heaven! am I betray'd? well, Madam, I shall acquaint your Father with your Amour.*Lov.* Hold, Madam, if you do, perhaps I may whisper something in Sir Positive's ear.*La. Vaine.* Sir! you will not be so ungenerous to boast of a Ladies kindness: if he shou'd say the least thing in the World after my unhandson leaving
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ing of him just now, it wou'd incense him past reconciliation; what a confession am I in?
(*Ex. La. Vaine.*)

Lov. Is not this very pleasant, Madam?

Car. I wonder, Sir, after what has now past you have the confidence to look me in the face.

Lov. I like this raillery very well, Madam.

Car. I can assure you, you shall have no reason to think I railly with you.

Lov. Certainly you cannot be in Earnest.

Car. Upon my word you shall find I am, I will have nothing to do with any man that's engag'd already.

Lov. You amaze me, Madam.

Car. I'll never see you more——

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. O friend! I'm glad I've found you.

Lov. I shall have no opportunity to appease my Mistress, if I do not get rid of him; but I have a trick for him. (*aside.*)

Stanf. Wou'd this woman were away, that I might acquaint you with the greatest concernment I ever had.

Lov. Step into that Chamber quickly, and I'll get rid of her, and come to you——

Stanf. With all my heart—— (*Exit Stanford.*)

Lov. Certainly, Madam, you cannot know this Woman so little as to give her Credit? I'll tell you what she is.

Car. I am very glad I know you so well: do you think I'll be put off with a Remnant of your Love?

Enter Roger.

Roger. O! Master Lovel! is my Master here? I have lost him these two hours.

Lov. Ay, ay, but Madam, for Heav'n's sake hear me!

Car. Trouble me no more—— (*Exit Carolina, Lovel follows her.*)

Rog. Where is this Master of mine? I have been seeking him these two hours, and cannot light of him.

Enter Huffle.

Huffe. Oh Roger! where's your Master?

Roger. O Sir! you shall excuse me for that.

Huffe. Prethee dear Rogue tell me, 'twill be better for thee.

Rog. No, no, that won't do, you were not so just to me last time.

Huffe. Upon my honour I was: Why shou'dst thou distrust thy friend?

Rog.

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Rog. Come Sir, don't think to Wheedle me at this rate!

Huffe. I am a Son of a Whore if I was not just to you: but prethee bring me to him once more: I am sure to get money of him, and may I perish if I do not give you your share to a farthing.

Rog. Well! I'll trust you once more: go, and stay for me in the Hall, and I'll come to you when I have found my Master, who is somewhere in this house.

Huffe. Well! I'll wait for you——— (Exit.)

Rog. My comfort is, if he gets money I may have my share, if not, he ventures a kicking agen, and I venture nothing.

Enter Stanford and Emilia.

Rog. Oh Sir! I have been seeking you these two hours, and here's Master Level in the house.

Stanf. You Rascal, must you trouble me too? (Offers to strike him.)

Emil. He does not trouble you more than you do me.

Stanf. Now are you like a young hound that runs away with a false scent.

Emil. For Heav'n's sake leave me.

Stanf. Nay, This is like a Woman, to condemn a man unheard.

Emil. Must I be for ever pester'd with Impertinent people?

Stanf. If you were not so your self, you wou'd not think me so; but she that has the Yellow Jaundies thinks every thing yellow which she sees.

Emil. Is it possible you can have the impudence to endeavour to justify your folly?

Stanf. Not that I care much for satisfying you, but to vindicate my self from the unjust aspersions: know it was my honour oblig'd me to go along with that Fool.

Emil. Out of my sight; Are you one of those Fops that talk of honour?

Stanf. Is that a thing so despicable with you? he asked me to be his second, which I cou'd not in honour refuse.

Emil. Granting that barbarous custom of Duels; Can any thing be so ridiculous, as to venture your life for another mans quarrel, right or wrong?

Stanf. I like this Woman more and more, like a Sot as I am; sure there is Witchcraft in't. (Aside.)

Emil. But to do the greatest Act of Friendship in the World for the greatest Owl in Nature.

Enter Huffe.

Huffe. Oh Mr. Stanford, I have a business to impart to you.

Stanf. O insufferable! Have you the Impudence to trouble me agen?

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Emil. I know not what's the matter, but I cannot but have some Inclination to this fellow yet.

(*Aside.*)

Huff. I am going into the City, where I shall have the rarest Bubble that ever man had; he was set me by a Renegado-Linnen-Draper, that fail'd last year in his Credit, and has now no other trade but to start the Game, whilst we pursue the Chase. This is one of those fellows that draw in the Youth of the City into our Decoy, and perpetually walk up and down seeking for Prey.

Stanf. Be gone! and leave me.

Huff. But you know a man must have a little Gold to show, to bait the Rogues withal.

Stanf. Out, you unreasonable Rascal, I'll send you hence. — *Draws.*

Huff. Nay, 'tis not that Sir can fright me, but that I would not disturb the Lady, I'd make you know.

Stanf. You impudent Villain, I'll send you fur- { *Follows Huffe, and runs*
ther. { *away buffing.*

Huff. Nay, Sir, your humble Servant and you go to that, Sir; I care as little for a Sword, Sir, as any man upon Earth: I fear your Sword? Who dares say it? your Servant, your Servant. — (*Ex. Huffe.*

Emil. This is not altogether so foolish as fighting in Sir *Positive's* Quarrel.

Stanf. Sir *Positive's* quarrel! 'twas in effect my own; for I was sure to meet with some impertinent Fellow or other for my Enemy, and was glad of this opportunity to vent my indignation upon one of those many that have tormented me; I had rather fight with them all, then converse with them.

Emil. But you may chuse whether you will do either.

Stanf. Yes, as much as chuse whether I'll breathe or no.

Emil. But how could you be sure to meet with such an one?

Stanf. What a Question is that? Is it not above 5000 to one odds?

Emil. { I am glad he has brought himself well off, for I must like him,

aside. { do what I can, he must be a man of sense: I must confess, the business is not altogether so ill as I imagin'd. (*To him.*

Stanf. Now Madam, who is impertinent, you or I?

Emil. You are, to say the same thing twice to me.

Stanf. Well! this is a rare Woman: what a quick apprehension she has! I love her strangely, the more Coxcomb I, that I should be drawn in, of all men living. (*Aside.*

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. O Dear Heart, have I met with thee? I have been seeking thee all the Town over.

Stanf. Heart, What's this? I was going in great haste just as you came, adieu. *Wood.*

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Wood. Ah dear *Jack*, I have not so little honour as to leave thee in this condition.

Stanf. Good Sir ! What condition ? I am not Drunk, am I ?

Wood. No, Gad, wou'd it were no worse, Dear Heart.

Stanf. It cannot be worse, do not trouble me.

Wood. No, I'll tell thee *Jack*; *Huffe* threatens thee { *Embraces and kisses him.*
to cut thy Throat where ever he meets thee ; and I }
came my Dear Bully-Rock to offer thee the Service of my sword and arm.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake put not this upon me ; Do you think he that wou'd be kick'd without resistance, dares do any thing ?

Wood. But look you, Dear Heart, Lord this is the strangest thing in the World, you had Ladies with you, and you know it had been an uncivil thing to have turn'd agen then *Jack*; but now he's resolv'd to have satisfaction, he told me so ; And if I can see as far into a Millstone as another, he's no Bully Sandy.

Stanf. Trouble me no more : be gone——

Wood. Ay, ay, thou dost this now to try whether I have so little honour as to quit thee, but it won't pass, my dear Rascal ; kiss me, I'll live and dye with thee.

Stanf. Sir, let me tell you, this is very rude : and upon my word I have no quarrel, unless you'll force one upon me.

Emil. Still do I like this man better and better.—— (*Aside.*

Wood. Nay, then I smell a Rat —— Farewel *Jack*——
Servant, Dear Heart. Ex. Woodcock.

Enter Lovel, Carolina, Roger.

Car. But, are you sure my Lady *Vaine* is such a one ?

Lov. Yes, that I am, my little peevish Jealous Mistress.

Car. Yes, yes, I have reason to be jealous of such a Treasure as you are : But pray, to satisfy a little scruple I have, see her no more.

Stanf. We had best change the Scene, I think, what if you shou'd walk out a little ?

Emil. I care not much if I do.

Stanf. I cou'd find in my heart to go along with you.

Emil. Yes, and leave me again for your Honour's behoof.

Stanf. How Devilishly impertinent is this, for you to harp upon one string still !

Lov. Let's pursue our design.

Enter Sir Positive.

Car. Agreed: and to our wish here comes my Cousin *Positive*.

Sir *Posit*.

Sir *Pos.* Oh! Have I found you? I'll tell you the pleasant'st thing in the World.

Stanf. Sir, I am just now going to a Lawyer of the Temple, to ask his Counsel.

Sir *Pos.* P'haw, p'haw; save thy Money, what need'st thou do that? I'll do't for you; why I have more Law, then ever *Coke* upon *Littleton* had; you must know, I am so eminent at that, that the greatest Lawyers in *England* come to me for advice in matters of difficulty: Come, state your Case, let's hear't, Come — Hold, hold Cousin, Whither are you going?

[*Emilia* offers to go out.

Emil. Let me go, I am going in haste to bespeak a Seal.

Sir *Pos.* A Seal? Why do'st thou know what thou do'st now? To go about that without my advice: Well, I have given *Symons* and all of e'm such Lessons, as I have made e'm stand in admiration of my Judgment: Do you know that I'll cut a Seal with any man in *England* for a thousand Pound?

Roger. I have my Lesson, I'll warrant you I'll do't.

(Exit

Emil. O Heav'n!

I must go now to bespeak it; I am to send it immediately to my Sister at the English Nunnery in *Bruges*.

Sir *Pos.* *Bruges*! ah dear *Bruges*; now you talk of *Bruges*, I am writing this night to *Castel Rodrigo*, you must know I have thought of their Affairs, and consider'd e'm thoroughly; and just this very After-noon I have found out such a way for e'm to preserve *Flanders* from the *French*, I desire all Mankind for such an Invention; and I think I offer him very fair, if he will let me divide the Government with him, I'll do't; otherwise if *Flanders* be lost, 'tis none of my fault.

Lev. What is your Design, Sir *Positive*?

Stanf. That thou should'st be so very foppish to ask questions!

Sir *Pos.* I'll tell you, I will this year, pray mark me, I will bring 100000 Men in the Field, d'ye see.

Car. But, Where will you have these Men, Cousin?

Sir *Pos.* Have e'm, P'haw p'haw, let me alone for that; I tell thee *Stanford*, I will bring 100000 Men into the Field, 60000 in one Compleat body, and 40000 for a flying Army, with which I will enter into the very Body of all *France*.

Stanf. O Devil! I had rather *Flanders* shou'd be lost, then hear any more on't.

Sir *Pos.* But this would signify nothing, unless it were done by one that understands the conduct of an Army, which if I do not, let the World Judge: but to satisfy you, I'll tell you what I'll do, pray mark me, I will take three score thousand *Spanish* Souldiers, and fight with 60000 *French*, and cut e'm off every Man: pray observe one, this is demonstration; then will I take those very numerical Individual *Frenchmen* I spoke of.

H

Stanf.

Stanf. What, after you have cut e'm off every man?

Sir Pos. Pish; What dost talk Man? What's matter whether it be before or after, that's not to the point? P'shaw, prethee don't thee trouble thyself for that, I'll do't man; I will take those very 60000 *French*, and fight with a *Spanish Army* of 100000, and by my extraordinary Conduct destroy e'm all, this is demonstration, nothing can be plainer then this, by this you may guess whether I may not be a considerable Man to that Nation or no.——Nay, more then that, I'll undertake if I were in *Candia*, the Grand Visier would sooner expose himself to the fury of the *Janizaries*, then besiege the Town while I were in't.

Emil. I cannot tell whether I am more tormented with Sir *Positive*, or pleas'd with *Stanford*, he is an extraordinary man. *(Aside.)*

Sir Pos. But as I was saying, Cousin *Emilia*; I will have 100000 men in the Field, and I will man the Garrisons to the full: besides, pray observe, I will have an infinite store of Provision every where, and pay all my Souldiers to a penny duly.

Car. But where's the Money to do this Cousin?

Emil. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn me?

Stanf. Ah Dear *Emilia*!

Sir Pos. Where's the Money? that's a good one 'Faith!——Prethee dear Cousin do thou mind thy Guittar; thou dost not understand these things.

Stanf. I am sure I understand you to be the greatest Coxcomb in Nature.

Sir Pos. Then I will make you me a League Offensive and Defensive with the King of *England*, the Emperor and Princes of *Germany*, the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, the Kings of *Portugal* and *Poland*, *Prefter John*, and the Great *Cham*, the *States of Holland*, the Grand Duke of *Muscovy*, the Great *Turk*, with two or three Christian Princes more, that shall be nameless; and if with that Army, Provision and Alliance, I do not do the business, I am no Judge, I understand nothing in the World.

Enter Roger.

Roger. O Sir *Positive*! my Lady *Vaine* wou'd speak with you at your Lodging immediately.

Sir Pos. Cods my life-kins, *Stanford*, I am heartily sorry I must leave you.

Stanf. So am not I.

Sir Pos. I beg your pardon a thousand times. I vow to Gad I wou'd not leave you but upon this occasion.

Emil. How glad am I of the occasion!

Sir Positive going, re- } Well! I hope you'll be so kind to believe, that
turns in haste. } nothing but my Duty to my Mistress shou'd have
made me part with you thus rudely.

Stanf.

Stanf. O yes! we do believe it.

Sir Posit. But hark you Cousin, and *Stanford*, you must promise me not to take it ill, as I hope to breathe I mean no incivility in the World.

Emil. Oh no, no, by no means.

Sir Posit. Your Servant——

(*Exit Sir Positive.*)

Carol. Come, *Lovel*, let's follow him, and either prepare him, or find out some others for a fresh encounter.

Lov. Allons; but be sure, *Roger*, you forget not what I said to you——

(*Ex. Lov. Carolina.*)

Rog. I will not, Sir.

Stanf. How courteously he excus'd himself, for not tormenting us more!

Emil. This is the first good turn my Lady *Vaine* e're did me.

Rog. No, Madam, this was my ingenuity; I ne're saw my Lady *Vaine*, nor do I know where she is.

(*Sir Positive returns.*)

Sir Posit. Cousin and Mr. *Stanford*, I have consider'd on't, and I vow to Gad I am so afraid you'll take it ill, that rather than disoblige you, I'll put it off.

Stanf. O no Sir, by no means; 'twould be the rudest thing in the World to disobey your Mistress.

Sir Posit. Nay, Faith I see thou art angry now, prethee don't trouble thy self, I'll stay with thee.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! this is beyond all sufferance.

Emil. Let me advise you by all means to go to your Mistress.

Sir Posit. Well! if you won't take it ill, I'll go; adieu.

(*Exit Sir Posit.*)

Enter Woodcock, Serjeant, and Musquetiers.

Wood. That's he, seize him.

Serje. Sir, by your leave, you must go to the Captain of the Guard.

Stanf. O intolerable! What's the matter now?

Serjeant. I do not know, but I guess 'tis upon a quarrel betwixt you and one Lieutenant *Huffe*.

Stanf. Was ever any thing so unfortunate as this? Can't you defer't an hour?

Serje. I am commanded by my Officer, and dare not disobey.

Stanf. How loth am I to leave this Woman! there is something extraordinary in this——Madam, I am willing enough to stay with you, but you see I am forc'd away:——stay you here *Roger*.——

(*Exit with Serjeant and Musquetiers.*)

Emil. What an unlucky accident is this? but my misfortunes never fail me.——

(*Exit.*)

Wood. So, he's safe, and I have done what I in honour ought to do; and now honest *Roger*, my dear Bully-Rock, Ple stay with thee, prethee kiss me,

me, thou art the honestest Fellow in the World.

Roger. Sir, I am glad I can repay your Commendations; I have the best news for ye that ever you heard in your life.

Wood. Me! What is't Dear Heart?

Roger. Why, I'll tell you, the Lady *Emilia* is in love with you.

Wood. In love with me, fy, fy! Pox on't, what a Wheadling Rogue art thou now? Why should'st thou put this upon thy Friend now?

Roger. Sir, this suspicion of yours is very injurious: Let me tell you, that I am sure I have not deserv'd it from you, Sir.

Wood. Nay, I must confess, I have always found thee an honest Fellow, Dear Heart; but a Pox on't, she can't love me: Pshaw me? What, what can she see in me to love me for? no, no.

Roger. Sir, upon my life, it's true.

Wood. Ha, ha, Dear Rascal, kiss me; the truth on't is, I have thought some such thing a pretty while, but how the Devil com'st thou to find it out? On my Conscience thou art a Witch.

Roger. O Sir! I am great with her Maid *Lute*, and she told me her Lady fell in love with you for singing, she says you have the sweetest Voice, and the delicatest Method in singing of any man in *England*.

Wood. As Gad shall fa' me, she is a very ingenious Woman; Dear Dog, Honest Rascal here, here's for thy News, I'll go in and give her a Song immediately——— (Exit.

Roger. How greedily he swallows the bait! But these self-conceited Idiots can never know when they are wheadl'd.

Enter Lovel and Ninny.

Nin. Pshaw, pshaw, ad' au'tre, ad' au'tre, I can't abide you shou'd put your tricks upon me.

Lov. Come, *Ninny*, leave Fooling, you know I scorn it, I have always dealt faithfully with you.

Nin. } I must confess he has always commended my Poems, that's the
aside. } truth on't: But I am afraid this is impossible.
Don't Wheadle your friend.

Lov. I shall be angry Sir, if you distrust me longer. You may neglect this opportunity of raising your self, Do, but perhaps you may never have such another.

Nin. Nay, but dear Sir, speak! are you in Earnest?

Lov. Do you intend to affront me? you had as good give me the lye.

Nin. No, dear Sir, I beg your pardon for that, I believe you, But how came you to know it?

Lov. Her Sister *Carolina* told me so, and that she fell in love with you for reading a Copy of your own Verses: she says you read Heroick Verse with the best Grace of any man in *England*.

Nin.

Nin. Before George she's in the right of that, but Sir——

Lov. 'Slife ask no more questions, but to her and strike while the Iron's Hot: have you done your business, Roger?

Roger. Most dextrously, Sir.

Lov. Let's away——

(Ex. Lov. and Roger.)

Nin. Love me? I am o'rejoy'd, I am sure I have lov'd her a great while.

Enter Emilia, Woodcock following her singings

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. Heav'n! this will distract me; what a vile noise he makes, worse than the Creaking of a Barn-door, or a Coach-wheel ungreas'd.

Wood. This is damn'd unlucky, that he shou'd be here to hinder my design: (Aside)

Nin. What a Pox makes him here? but I'll on in my bus'ness, Madam, I'll speak you a Copy of Verses of my own that have a great deal of mettle and soul, and flame in 'em.

Emil. But I will not hear 'em, Sir.

Wood. Alas poor fool! he hopes to please her, but it won't do, ha, ha, ha. (Aside)

Nin. What the Devil can she mean by this, sure she can't be in Earnest? No, I have found it; Ay, ay, it must be so, she wou'd not have me speak before him, because she wou'd not have him take notice of her passion, but what care I—— (Aside)

(He offers to rehearse)

Wood. Prethee Ninny don't trouble the Lady with your Verses.

Nin. Well, well! Can't you let one alone——

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. What horrid Noise is this you make in my Ears? shall I never be free?

Nin. Alas poor Coxcomb! he hopes to please her with his Voice: No, no, he may spare his pains——I am the man. (Aside)

Wood. What a Pox ails she? She's damnably out of humour, what ere'th the matter; I am sure Roger wou'd not deceive me of all men: What an Ass am I, that I shou'd not find it? she's afraid my singing will encourage him to trouble her; or else she would not have him perceive her kindness—— (Aside)

Emil. Sure all the world conspires against me this day.

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Ninny } My Love so that prodigious height
reads. } does rise,

{ Wood. sings all the
while Ninny repeats.

'Tis worthy of my heart and of your Eyes:

First of my heart, which being subdu'd by you,
Must for that Reason be both strong and true;

Thus

The Sullen Lovers ; Or ,

Then of your Eyes which Conquerours must subdue :
 And make 'em be both slaves and freemen too ;
 Your Eyes which do both dazle, and delight,
 And are at once the Joy, and grief of sight.
 Love that is worthy of your face and fame
 May be a glory, but can be no shame :
 My heart by being o'recome does stronger prove,
 Strength makes us yield unto your Eyes and Love.
 In this my heart is strong, because 'tis weak,
 This, though I hold my peace, my Love will speak,
 Silence can do more then e're speech did do,
 For humble silence does do more then more ;
 Under the Rose, which being the sweetest flower
 Shows silence in us has then speech more power.

Ninny. Why, what a damn'd Noise does he make! Pot take me Madam, if one can be heard for him; Can't you let one alone with one's Verses trow?

Wood. Poor fellow! alas! he little thinks why I sing now. *(Aside.*

Ninny. If he thought how pleasant my rehearsing were to her, sure he wou'd not be so rude, but Mum for that. *(Aside.*

Enter Luce.

Luce. O Madam! your Father's come to Town, and has brought a Country Gentleman to come a wooing to you: he sent his man before-hand to know if you were within, and one of the servants unluckily inform'd him before I cou'd see him: he says he's the most down-right pladding Gentleman the Countrey can afford.

Emil. What will become of me? is there no mercy in store for me?

Wood. Is he coming — nay then — hem — *They both take hold of Emilia, and hold her by force, and sing and repeat as fast agen as they did before.*

Ninny. I'll make haste before he comes to hinder me.

Emil. For Heav'n's sake let me go:

Wood. Sing } together.

Ninny. Repeat }

Emil. Oh, hold, hold, hold! I faint if you give not over.

Wood. What a Devil does she mean by this? I am sure she loves me, but perhaps rather then endure the trouble of his Noise, she's willing to dispense with the pleasure of my Voice. *(Aside.*

Ninny. A poise take this Woodcock, that he shou'd anger this Lady, as I hope to live he's a very impertinent fellow, for though she was troubled at him, I perceiv'd she was transported with me.

Emil.

The Impertinents.

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Emil. It must be so, I must do ill that good may come on't: This Country-fellow will be the worst plague of all, since he has my Fathers Authority to back him, I must be forc'd to subdue my own Nature, and flatter these Coxcombs to get rid of him, for they are so impudent they'll drive him from hence——

Enter Stanford, and over-ears.

Wood. Madam, let me ask you in private, how did you like my song, speak boldly Madam, *Ninny* does not hear, Dear Heart?

Emil. I must needs like it, Sir, or betray my own Judgment.

Wood. Ah, Dear Roger! thou art a made man for ever. *(Aside.)*
I am the man——

Stanf. What's this I hear?

(To himself.)

Ninny. How did you like my Verses, Madam?

Emil. So well Sir, that I hope you will let me hear 'em often.

What am I reduc'd to?

Stanf. Oh Devil, what's this?

Ninny. How happy shall I be? the truth is I did perceive you were troubl'd at *Woodcock's* senseless Song, how we wou'd enjoy our selves if he were gone!

Stanf. Is it possible I shou'd be deceiv'd so much?

Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, if thou bee'st troubled at *Ninny's* Rimes, upon my honour I'll beat the Rogue.

Enter Father and Countrey Gentleman.

Father. This is she, Sir.

Cou. Gen. Your servant, Madam.

Stanf. 'Death, she is a very Gossip, and Converſes with all sort of Fools, not only with patience, but with pleasure too; how civilly she entertains them! That I shou'd be such an Owl to think there could be a woman not Impertinent, I have not patience to look upon her longer.—— *Ex.*

Wood. It won't do *Ninny*, her Father little thinks she's ingag'd, Dear Heart.

Ninny. No, no, her Father little thinks she's ingag'd, nor you *(Aside.)* neither, to whom——ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh to think how this Country Gentleman will be bob'd, *Woodcock.*

Wood. He may go down, *Ninny*, like an Ass as he came, shee'll send him down with a flea in his ear, take that from me.

Ninny. What a poise! he does not know she loves me, does he? *(Aside.)*

Wood. Poor Fool! I pity him: ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. So do I, alack, alack.

Cou. Gent. Madam, I am but just now come to Town, you see my Boots are dirty still, but I make bold as the saying is.

Emil. More bold then welcome, I assure you Sir.

Cou. Gent.

Cou. Gent. Thank you good sweet Madam; this is the most obliging Gentlewoman that ever was ———— *(Aside.)*

Fath. By this he shews the Impatience of his Love *(Daughter.)*

Wood. Madam, I am a Son of a Whore, if I have not the best song upon that subject, that ever you heard in your life.

Ninny. Before George Madam, I'll repeat you a Copy of Verses of my own, ten times better than his song.

Wood. You are an impudent Coxcomb to say so, Dear Heart, And ye lye, and I am satisfy'd.

Ninny. Do I so, Madam? do but you judge.

Fath. What can this mean? they are both mad.

{ sing and repeat }
together —

Wood. sings.

Ninny { I am so impatient for to go to my
repeats. } Dear,
That I run headlong without wit
or fear.

My Love is Cruel grown,
For to leave me all alone,
Thus for to sing and moan,
Ah woe is me!

Ninny. What an impertinent fellow are you,
Woodcock? cannot you let one alone?

Peace, Coxcomb, peace. *(spoke)*

Re- { So great the power of our love is
peats. } now,
We can't persuade it reason for to
allow.

But I'll strive to find
My Love, though she's unkind,
So far to ease my mind,
Oh woe is me!
Hay ho, hay ho, my Love,
Who is so Cruel as Jenny to me?

Strange Miracle of Cytherea's force,
For to transform a man into a Horse.

{ They offer to sing }
and repeat again. }

Fath. Hold, hold, are you both mad, is the Devil in you? if he be, I shall have them will conjure him out of you. Come out you Coxcombs, or I'll drive you out. ———— *(Ex. Father, Ninny and Woodcock.)*

Cou. Gent. These Gentlemen are as mad as March-Hares, Madam, as the saying is; but to our business, I had not the power as I was a saying, to keep from you longer, Lady, not so much as a puffing while, d'ye see! for Cat will to kind, as the saying is.

Luce. Oh Sir, you complement, you are an absolute Country Courtier.

Cou. Gent. Who I? alas not I, in sober sadness; we that live in the Country are right down d'ye see, we call a Spade a Spade, as the saying is, for our part.

Luce. You do well Sir, for hypocrisy is an abominable vice.

Cou. Gent. 'Tis indeed to be a Pharisey and carry two faces in a Hood, as the saying is.

Emil.

Emil. Now I wish my t'other two Fools would come back and drive away this.

Luce. I perceive you are very good at Proverbs, Sir, don't you use to play at that sport with the Country Gentlewomen?

Con. Gent. O yes, I am old dog at that, I am too hard for 'em all at it, d'ye see.

(*To Emilia.*)

But Madam now we talk of the Country, how do you think you can like a Country life?

Emil. Orarely! I can't chuse, to fill ones belly with Curds and Cream, and stew'd Prunes, to eat Honey-comb, and Rashers of Bacon at poor Neighbours Houses, and rise by five a clock in the Morning to look to my dairy.

Con. Gent. O rare! how we shall cotten together, as the saying is! I love a good Huswife with all my heart; but Madam, I have a cast of Hawks, and five couples of Spaniels too; oh Madam, if you saw my beloved Bitch *Venus*, you would be in love with her, shee's the best at a Retrieve of any Bitch in England, d'ye see.

Emil. Is he here? this is Heaven to me to see him after my late afflictions.

(*Aside.*)

Enter Stanford and Roger.

To the Con. Gent.] Sir I have some bus'ness will engage me half an hour, pray will you avoid my sight in the mean time.

Con. Gent. I will forsooth, I'll go see my horses fed the while.

Emil. This is a modest Fool then the others I am troubl'd with, but if my Father had been here, I shou'd not so easily have got rid of him—
—What are you come agen?

(*To Stanford.*)

Stanf. Ay, ay, too soon I am sure.

Emil. Are you not very foppish that you did not stay longer then?

Stanf. This accusation becomes you well indeed.

Emil. Why not Sir?

Stanf. Alas you are not Impertinent, no, no, not you!

Emil. I am sure you are: what can this mean?

Stanf. You were never pleas'd with *Woodcocks* damn'd voice yet, nor *Ninny's* ridiculous Poetry, not you?

Emil. Not more, than your self.

Stanf. No, no, you were not pleas'd with them, you did not praise 'em, nor entertain the other two Fools with kindness, no, not you?

Emil. What a ridiculous thing 'twas of you not to tell me this in one word!

Oh Heaven! are they here!

Stanf. How soon you can counterfeit the humour.

Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.

Sir Pos. You see, I am as good as my word, *Stanford.*

La. Vaine. You see, Madam, how ready I am to wait on your Ladiship.

Emil. Ay, to my cost I thank you.

Stanf. She thinks I am so easily bit as to take this for a satisfaction, but I am too old to be deceiv'd again. *(Aside.)*

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Lov. Now Madam to our bus'ness, if we don't put 'em out of this humour 'tis strange.

Car. However let's use our lawful Endeavours towards it.

Enter Woodcock and Ninny.

Wood. } Sing } together.
and }
Ninny. } Repeat }

Wood. 'Slife Sir, I'll teach you to trouble this Lady with your pitiful Rimes.

Ninny. You teach me? nay, if you provoke me before Company you shall find me a Lion. ——— *(They draw.)*

Wood. Have at y'e, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Hold *Woodcock!* why shoud you disparage Poet *Ninny*, He's a man of admirable parts, and as cunning a fellow, between you and I *Stanford*, I believe he's a Jesuite, but I am sure he's a Jansenist.

Wood. He a Jesuite, that understands neither Greeke nor Latine?

Sir Pos. Now he talks of that, *Stanford*, I'll tell thee what a Master I am of those Languages; I have found out in the Progress of my Study, I must confess with some diligence, four and twenty Greek and Latin words for Black Puddens and Sauages.

Wood. Think to huff me? I cou'd show you a matter of 200 Wounds I got when I was a Volunteer aboard the *Cambridge*, Dear Heart, wou'd make you fswound to look upon 'em.

Sir Pos. *Cambridge*, well, that *Cambridge* is a good ship, and do you know, *Stanford*, that I understand a Ship better then any thing in the World?

Stanf. Do you speak, Madam, you are pleas'd with this ——— *To Emilia.*

Emil. Methinks you are as troublesome as he.

Sir Pos. You may talk of your *Petts* and your *Deames*, I'll build a Ship with any of 'em for 10000 pound.

Emil. What will become of me? for if I shou'd go, they wou'd follow me.

Lovel.

Lovel. This is extremely well Painted— (*Shews a picture to Carolina:*

Sir Posit. Painted? Why? Do you understand Painting?

Lovel. Not I, Sir.

Sir Posit. I do; if you please leave that to me: 'Tis true, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Tintoret*, and *Julio Romano*, and *Paulo Veronese* were very pretty hopeful Men; but I wou'd you saw a Piece of mine, I shew'd you my *Magdalen*, *Emilia*, and I protest I drew that in half an hour.

Emil. O! What shall I do to get rid of all these Tormenters?

Stanf. I cannot but like this Woman yet, what ere's the matter; and yet I am sure she is impertinent. (*Aside.*

Sir Posit. Let me see. *H. H.*—Oh Dear! *Hans Holbin*, here are *Stroaks*, here's *Mastery*; well, no man in *England* shall deceive me in *Hans Holbins* hand, take that from me.

La. Vaine? O' my Conscience, Madam, this Gentleman understands to *Emilia*. } every thing in the World.

Carol. In good earnest, *Lovel*, that's very pleasant, *Hans Holbin*! why 'tis a new Sign for my Landlord, finish'd but yesterday, that cost him a Noble the Painting, done by a Fellow that paints Posts and Rails, one *Humphrey Holson*, and he calls him *Hans Holbin*.

Roger. Indeed Mr. *Woodcock*, fifty miles in a day was well run.

Wood. 'Ifaith was't, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Run? why, Why will you pretend to Running in my Company? you run! why I have run sixty miles in a day by a Ladies Coach, that I fell in Love withal in the streets, just as she was going out of Town, *Stanford*; and yet I vow to thee I was not breath'd at all that time.

Lovel? There's Knight Errantry for you, Madam, let any of your Roto *Carol*. } mances match me that now.

Wood. to } 'Tis true, Madam, *Sir Positive* and Poet *Ninny* are excellent

La. Vaine. } men, and brave Bully-Rocks; but they must grant, that neither of 'em understand *Mathematicks* but my self.

Sir Posit. *Mathematicks*? why, Who's that talks of *Mathematicks*? Let 'em alone, let 'em alone: Now you shall see, *Stanford*.

Wood. Why, 'twas I, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. I Dear Heart, quoth 'a? I don't think you understand the principles on't; o' my Conscience you are scarce come so far yet as the squaring of the Circle, or finding out the Longitude *Mathematicks*: Why this is the onely thing I value my self upon in the World, Cousin *Emilia*.

Emil. Heav'n! deliver me.

Stanf. Curse on 'em all—Well, there must be something more in this Woman than I imagine.

Ninny to } No man in *England* plays better upon the Cittern than I do,

Emilia. } ask *George* my Barber else, Madam, he's a great Judge.

Sir Posit. Cittern, Cittern! Who nam'd a Cittern there? Who was't? Who was't?

Nin. Now am I afraid to speak to him, he does so snub one:
 'Twas I and please you, *Sir Positive*.

Sir Pos. You talk of a Cittern before me? when I invented the Instrument.

Lov. Woodcock—Stand up to him in Mathematicks; To him.

Wood. Say you so? well then, by the Lord *Harry*, *Sir Positive*, I do understand Mathematicks better then you; and I lye over against the Rose-Tavern in *Cavendish-Garden*, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. I will justify with my Sword, that you understand nothing at all on't—Draw.

Wood. Nay, hold, hold, I have done Bully-Rock, if you be so angry; but it's a hard case you won't give a man leave to understand a little Mathematicks in your Company, Dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Pox on't, I have told thee often enough of this, thou wilt still be putting thy self forward to things thou dost not understand.

Emil. This Impudence is beyond all example, and there is no possibility of getting from 'em.

Carol. I'll tell you one thing, Cousin, you cannot understand.

Sir Posit. I'll be hang'd then.

Carol. You cannot Cheat at Dice.

Sir Posit. Ha, ha; Why you don't know me sure, you never heard of me.

Lov. Metaphysicks.

Sir Posit. Faith, well thought on, *Lovel*, prethee put me in mind of that presently, if I don't give you that account of Metaphysicks shall make you stare agen, cut my throat: But, as I hope to live, *Stanford*, 'tis a strange thing *Carolina* shou'd be so near a Kin to me, and not know me? False Dice, I have spent my time very well indeed, if any man out-does me in that; for your Goads, your High Fullams, and Low Fullams, your Cater-Deuse-Ace, and your Sise-Cater-Deuse, your Cinque-Trey-Ace, your Barr-Cater-Trey, your Barr-Cinque-Deuse, your Barr-Sise-Ace, and all that, when I have study'd 'em these sixteen years — Cousin *Emilia*, you know this, don't you?

Emil. Oh horrid! What will become of me?

Stanf. Sure I was mistaken, for this must be a Woman of sence, I love her extreamly, I wou'd I did not.

Sir Posit. But what was that, *Lovel*, I desir'd you to put me in mind of?

Lov. Leger-de-main.

Sir Posit. Good, there 'tis now; I had thought I had kept that quality to my self of all things in the World: sure the Devil must help thee, *Lovel*, How cou'dst thou come to know that I understood Leger-de-main else? why, I'll perform all Tricks of Leger-de-main with any man in *England*, let him be what he will; For the Cups and Balls, *Jack-in-a-Pulpit*, *S. Andrews-Cross*.

Car. Undoubtedly, *Lovel*, Cardinal *Mazarine* was a great States-man.

Sir Pos. States-man do you say? Cardinal *Mazarine* a States-man? well,

well, I will say nothing of myself: but that, would am no States-man? But, you may please to remember, who was bab'd in *Opium*, but ha, What say you *Stanford*?

Emil. O Heaven! can you contrive no way of escaping? *Stanf.* Let's enquire what we can do; for we had better be with one another than with these Fools.

Sir Pos. Betwixt you and I, I was the Man that manag'd all that business against him.

La. Vain. Good lack a day, Madam, this Gentleman has a bottomless understanding.

Ninny. He's a very rare Man, and has great power and imagination.
Wood. As any Man in *Europe*, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. This very thing has made me so famous all over *Europe*, that I may be so this Instant Chief Minister of State in *Russia*, but the truth isn't in *Stanford*, I expect that nearer home.

Rog. *Jacob Hall's* a most admirable Rope-Dancer, Mr. *Woodcock*.

Sir Pos. Honest *Roger*! How the Devil could'st thou find me out in that, *Jacob Hall* has told thee, has he not? I thought he wou'd ha' kept that to himself; but I taught him, nay, I taught the *Turk* himself.

Lov. Hey, from a States-man to a Rope-Dancer, What a leap was there?

Car. My Maid is excellent at Pastry.

Sir Pos. Ha, why there 'tis; now upon my Honour I understand this ten times better than any thing I have spoke of yet! Pastry, why, the Devil take me if I would not be content never to eat *Pye* but of my own making as long as I live; I'll tell you, when I was but four years old, I had so rich a fancy, and made such extraordinary dirt Pies, that the most eminent Cooks in all *London*, wou'd come and observe me, to steal from me.

La. Vain. I beseech you, Madam *Emilia*, take notice of *Sir Positive*, he is a Prodigy of understanding.

Sir Pos. Ah Madam, 'tis your pleasure to say so; but 'twas this made me skillful in the Art of Building, which is the onely Art I am proud of in the World; Ple tell you, *Stanford*, I have seventeen Models of the City of *London* of my own making, and the worst of 'em makes *London* an other-guess *London* than 'tis like to be; but no man in *England* has those Models of Houses that I have.

Stanf. This affliction is beyond all example; why the Devil do'st thou provoke him to this?

Lov. Were it not a ridiculous thing of me not to please my self?

Stanf. That's true; but, What will become of us in the mean time?

Emil. Heaven knows this door's lock'd, and there's no escaping at the other.

Sir Pos. Ple tell you, Madam, the other day a damn'd old Rat eat me up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Chamber worth Fifty pound.

Car. A Rat eat up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Room, How cou'd that be? *Emil.*

Emil. O fy sister, it's no matter how; why will you ask him?

Sir Pos. Why, I make all my Models of Houses in Paste; I vow to Gad I am asham'd to tell you how much it costs me in a year in Milk, Meal, Eggs and Butter.

La. Vain. Dear *Sir Positive*, I think you understand more then ever *Solomon* did.

Sir Pos. No, no, Madam, alas not I, I understand little, but I'll tell you, Madam, what was said of me the other day, by some great persons that shall be nameless.

La. Vain. What was that, Sir?

Sir Pos. That I was a man of the most universal knowledge of any man in *England*; but without comparison the best Poet in *Europe*.

Car. ————— Now *Lovel* to your post.

Lov. Navigation:

Sir Pos. Navigation d'ye talk of?

Car. Geography.

Sir Pos. Geography d'ye-talk of?

Lov. Astronomy.

Sir Pos. Astronomy d'ye talk of?

Car. Palmestry:

Lov. Physick.

Car. Divinity.

Lov. Surgery.

Car. Arithmetick.

Lov. Logick.

Car. Cookery.

Lov. Magick.

Lovel and Carolina speak so fast one after another, that Sir Positive turns himself first to one, then to another, and has not time to speak to them.

Sir Pos. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Navigation, Geography, Astronomy, Palmestry, Physick, Divinity, Surgery, Arithmetick, Logick, Cookery and Magick: I'll speak to every one of these in their order; if I don't understand 'em every one in perfection, nay, if I don't Fence, Dance, Ride, Sing, Fight a Duel, speak *French*, Command an Army, play on the Violin, Bag-pipe, Organ, Harp, Hoboy, Sackbut, and double Curtal, speak Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Welch and Irish, Dance a Jigg, throw the Bar, Swear, Drink, Swagger, Whore, Quarrel, Cuffe, break Windows, manage Affairs of State, Hunt, Hawk, Shoot, Angle, play at Cat, Stool-ball, Scotch-hop and Trap-ball, Preach, Dispute, make Speeches. ———

(Coughs.)

Prethee get me a Glas of small Beer, *Roger*.

Stanf. Hell and Furies!

Emil. Oh, oh, ———

(They run.)

Sir Pos. Nay, hold, I have not told you half; if I don't do all these, and fifty times more, I am the greatest Owl, Pimp, Monkey, Jack-a-napes, Baboon, Rascal, Oaf, Ignoramus, Logger-head, Cur-dog, Block-head, Buffoon, Jack-pudden, Tonly, or what you will; spit upon me, kick me, cuff me, lugg me by the Ears, pull me by the Nose, tread upon me, and despise me more then the World now values me. ———

{ Ex. omnes, and he goes out, talking as fast as he can.

ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Emilia, Stanford, and Lovel.

Stanf. **I**F you be my Friend, as you profess to be, you will not deny me this.

Lov. I am your Friend, and would not have you perplex your self with what you see there's no end of; Can this frowardness relieve you?

Stanf. Good Sir, none of your grave advice, I am resolv'd to relieve my self, by abandoning all conversation.

Lov. How can you brook Emilia's company?

Stanf. Piff! she's not altogether so troublesome: ask me no more Questions.

Lov. Hah! Does he like her? Thus far my Design thrives: Well! Ple keep 'em from you a while: but the Hounds are so eager, they'l never endure pole-hunting long. *(Exit.)*

Stanf. You hear, Madam, we are not like to be long free from these inhumane persecutors.

Emil. Why will you call 'em so? you know I am pleas'd with 'em: They are my Recreation, as you were pleas'd to say.

Stanf. No, no; you have convinc'd me of the contrary: but, How can you blame me for so easie a Mistake?

Emil. You are a very fit Man to despise impertinent people: you are!

Stanf. 'Twill be very wisely done to stand muttering here, till the Fools in the next Room break in upon you.

Emil. Perhaps as wisely done, as to trust my self with you, as you have behav'd your self.

Stanf. If you have no more sence than to stay longer, I shall be assur'd of what I was but jealous of before.

Emil. What would your wisdom have me do now?

Stanf. The worst of them would not have ask'd such a Question: who but you would be in doubt, or would not flye as a Thief does from a Hue and Cry?

Emil. There's no hope of escaping.

Stanf. Now will you in despair of avoiding them, stay here, and keep 'em company.

Emil. 'Twere vain presumption to hope for Liberty by Miracle; they will no more lose us, than an Attorney will a young Squire that's newly waded into Law; who will be sure never to leave him, till he has brought him out of his depth.

Stanf.

Stanf. By this rule you shou'd not resist a Man that comes to Ravish you, because he's like to be too strong for you; but if you did not use the means, your honesty would be no more admir'd in that, than your Wisdom in this.

Emil. aside. This is a most admirable person. —

Where should I go?

(*To him.*)

Stanf. I would run into a fire to be quit of 'em.

Emil. Well! I am content to go along with you, not for your sake, but my own.

Stanf. Perhaps my inclinations are not much unlike yours.

Lev. O *Stanford*, I can no longer keep *Emil* *Lovel*, *Carol*. *Sir Post.* them from you; 'tis as easie to stop a Spring-*L* *Nin. Wood.* *La. Vaine.* Tide.

Stanf. Now, whose fault was this? a Curse upon your delaying, now 'tis too late to flye.

Sir Post. Dost talk of flying, *Jack*? I'll teach thee to do that with the greatest ease in the World: 'tis true, I heard of a Coxcomb that broke his neck with the Experiment, but if I had been by him, I wou'd have taught him to have flown with the best Goss-Hawk in the World.

Stanf. O Impudence!

Sir Post. And for my own part, for one flight or so, for I will not strain my self for any mans pleasure; I do't but for my Recreation: I am not mercenary. I will flye at a Horn with the best Jer-Falcon that ever flew; that's fair.

La. Vaine. O very fair as can be! by all means, Sir, learn of him, hee'll do't.

Sir Post. Do't Madam? I think so: I tell you all Elements are alike to me, I could live in any one of 'em as well as the Earth: 'Tis nothing but a fordid Earthy Nature in us makes us love the Earth better than any other Element.

Enter Roger.

Emil. I see it is in vain to torment our selves without endeavouring our Liberty.

Stanf. That's cunningly found out.

Rog. Sir, if you can find a way to be rid of *Sir Positive* and my Lady *Vaine*, I'll tell you how to quit your selves of the other.

Emil. We may set 'em one upon another, and by that we may either get rid or (at least) be a little reveng'd of 'em.

Stanf. That may make some amends for your last neglect.

Car. Now they are sett'd in their business, I'll leave 'em and go to my Tire-woman in *Covent-Garden*, who has some Excellent new Patterns of Lace for me; will you please to Squire me along?

Lev. I hope you have no design upon me: are your *Emilia* *whispers to* Intentions honourable? *Woodcock.*

Car.

Car. Yes indeed are they, I intend no rape upon you.

Lov. Nor any other unlawful way of love.

Car. Leave fooling, and let's away ———

(*Ex. Lov. Car.*)

Sir Pos. to La. Vain.] Pshaw! I could live in the water so well, that o' my Conscience I am Amphibious, I could catch fish as well as any Cormorant or Otter, nay I can live so long under water, that (but that I have greater designs on foot here) I would go into the *West Indies* to dive for Spunges and Corals, and if in one year I were not the richest man that ever went thither I would be hang'd, *Jack Stanford*, when I swom over agen.

Stanf. 'Sdeath, I would you were under Water one half hour in the mean time.

Sir Pos. Faith I would I were *Jack*, thou wou'dst admire to see what pleasure I take in lying under Water an hour or two, especially if the Water be warm!

Stanf. Yes, yes, and you can eat Fire too? can't ye?

Sir Pos. Pshaw! you admire a man that eats Fire among you, one that has a deprav'd palate, and is not able to taste an Ash from an Oak-Coal, which I can distinguish as well as I can a Pickl'd Herring from a Muscle.

Ninny. Eat Fire? it is Impossible.

Sir Pos. You are a Fop, I pity your ignorance, Eat Fire? why I'll Eat Fire and Brimstone with the Devil himself man, what dost talk of that?

Wood. to Emilia.] I warrant you, Dear Heart, I'll do't, and yet I am plaguely afraid of Sir *Positive*.

Emil. What am I forced to? Master *Ninny*, you have often profess'd some kindness to me.

Ninny. And Madam may I never make Couplet again, if I don't love you better then I do Musick or Poetry.

Emil. And understand me as little ———

I shall soon make trial of you.

(*Aside.*)

(*To him.*)

Ninny. And before *George* if I do not serve you! ———

Emil. Then be sure the next thing Sir *Positive* pretends to, contradict him in, and be as *Positive* as he is, and by this perhaps you may deserve my kindness.

Ninny. But suppose, Madam, he should draw upon me, and do me a Mischief.

Emil. Master *Stanford* and his man will bail you from that.

Ninny. In confidence of this I shall be glad to serve you.

La. Vain. I wonder, dear Sir, a man of your incomparable Abilities shou'd want preferment.

Sir Pos. Modesty! modesty! we that are modest men get nothing in this Age.

La. Vain. Perhaps the World does not know of these things.

Sir Pos. Not know! why I was never in Company with any man in my life, but I told him all.

K

Wood.

The Sullen Lovers; Or,

Wood. And no man ever believ'd you, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. A! I hope to breathe, *Jack*, this fellow's mad.

Wood. Ne'retell me, Dear Heart, I know you understand nothing of all you have pretended to in comparison of me, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Is not this very pleasant, Madam, ha, ha?

Ninny. Nay, nay, never laugh for the matter, and think to bear up against all the World; do you think I don't think my self a better Poet then you?

Wood. And I a better Musitian?

Sir Pos. You Impudent Baboons!!

Ninny. Let him alone, let him alone *Woodcock*;

Wood. Ay, ay, alas I laugh at him: ha, ha, ha.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, the party has stay'd for you a good while at the Setting Dog and Partridge.

La. Vain. Come, while they dispute, let's go — *Ex. La. Vain. Bridg.*
(*Emilia offers to go out.*)

Ninn. Nay, Madam, if you don't stay to prevent Mischief, I have done: for I find I begin to grow furious, and dare not trust my own temper.

Sir Pos. Have you the Impudence to say you are a better Poet, and you a better Musitian than I am?

Ninny. Ay, ay, and not only so, but a better Divine, Astrologer, Mathematician, Geographer, Sea-man —

Wood. A better Physician, Lawyer, Statesman, Almanack-maker.

Ninny. Ay, and what shall break your Heart, a better Trap-ball-player too, take notice of that —

Wood. In one word, I understand every thing that is or is not to be understood, better than you do: take that from me.

Ninny. And let me tell you, *Sir Positive*, 'tis a very confident thing in you to pretend to understand any thing as well as I do.

Sir Pos. O Impudence!

Wood. You understand! how should you come by understanding? Where had you your Knowledge, Dear Heart? P'rhaw.

Sir Pos. What will this Age come to?

Ninny. Your Insolence makes me blush, as I hope to breathe, for such an empty fellow to talk of Wit or sense; p'rhaw, prethee hold thy Tongue.

Sir Pos. I am amaz'd!

Wood. I tell thee, dear Soul, I love thee so well; I would not have thee pretend to these things thou dost not understand.

Ninny. Especially before such men as we that do understand.

Sir Pos. I can hold no longer, ye eternal Dogs, ye Curs, ye Ignorant Whelps: I'll sacrifice ye, let me go: if there be no more Sons of Whores in England, I'll murder 'em.

Exit.

Stanf. Bear up to him, I'll prevent all Injuries.

Ninny. Nay then Sir, never fret and fume for the matter: look you Sir, pray what can you do better then I?

Wood. Or I either? let's hear, Dear Heart.

Sir Pos. Hear if you Rascals? I'll rout an Army with my single valour: I'll burn a whole fleet at three Leagues distance; I'll make ships go all over the World without sails: I'll plow up Rocks steep as the Alps in dust, and lave the Tyrrhene Waters into Clouds (as my friend *Catiline* says.)

Ninny. Pshaw! you! I'll pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon (as my friend *Hot-spur* says) what do you talk of that?

Emil. Certainly, he's distracted! this is some revenge.

Sir Pos. This single Head of mine shall be the balance of Christendom: and by the strength of this I'll undermine all Common-wealths, destroy all Monarchies, and write Heroick Plays: ye dogs let me see either of you do that.

Stanf. This is raving madness.

Ninny. Wou'd I were well rid of him, I tremble every joint of me.

Sir Pos. With this right hand I'll pluck up Kingdoms by the roots, depopulate whole Nations, burn Cities, murder Matrons, and ravish sucking Infants, you Currs, can you do this?

Rog. But, Sir, in the midst of your fury, my Lady *Vaine* is gone away with a Gentleman.

Sir Pos. Ah dear Roger, which way did she go? shew me quickly, I'll bring her back, and she shall see me take satisfaction of these Rascals.

(*Ex. Sir Pos. and Roger.*)

Wood. I'm glad you are gone, Sir, my heart was at my mouth, did I not do the business rarely, my pretty Rogue? How canst thou reward me for this? hah?

Emil. Unfortunate Woman! what am I reduc'd to? if you will go immediately to *Oxford Kates*, and stay for me in the great Room there, I will not fail to come to you in a little time, and let you know how sensible I am of this favour; go, go, instantly and make no words on't.

Wood. I fly, Madam. O dear Roger! I have catch'd her, O Rogue! I'll provide a Parson immediately: dear son of a Whore let me kiss thee. — (*Ex.*)

Stanf. I shall have a better opinion of her Wit then ever I had, if she gets rid of this brace of *Jack-puddens*.

Ninny. Ay Madam, you see what danger I have undergone: I am onely unhappy I have lost no blood in the service: for as a Noble Author says,

It would have been to me both loss and gain.

But shall I hope for any favour from you?

Emil. Let not *Stanford* perceive any thing; go and stay for me at *Oxford Kates* in the great Room, and there we may freely speak our Minds.

Ninny. And will you not fail to come?

Emil. No, no, but whatever happens remove not till I come to you: a-way, away, we are observ'd.

Nin. O admirable Fortune! sure I was born with a Caul on my Head; and wrapt in my Mothers Smock, the Ladies do so love me. *(Exit.)*

Emil. I would these Two fools were oblig'd to stay there till I came to 'em.

Stanf. Now I hope you will take Warning, and stay here no longer; where they may find you out, unless you take pleasure in 'em.

Emil. Where can I find a place of safe retreat?

Rog. I have a Sister lives in *Covenant-Garden*, a Tire-woman, where at this time of night you may be private: if you please, command the house.

Enter Sir Positive.

Emil. Make haste then! O Heav'n, is he return'd?

Sir Pos. Pox on't, I can't find my Mistress; where are these Rogues?

Stanf. My Lady *Vaine* is return'd, and *Ninny* and *Woodcock* are with her in the next Room.

Sir Pos. Say you so? I'll in and first make the Puppies recant their errors, and then murder 'em in presence of my Mistress.

Stanf. So! you are fast.

(Locks the door.)

(Ex.)

Emil. Come away, away!

(Ex. Stanf. Emil. Rog.)

Sir Pos. *(Stanford open the door, are you mad? hey Stanford! Cousin within, Emilia! open the door.)*

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

La. Vaine. What, is the house empty?—'Twas an unlucky thing That the Gentlemen should go before we came.

Bridg. You may thank *Sir Positive*, would he were far enough for me for keeping your Ladiship so long.

Sir Pos. Stanford! Emilia! open the door there! help, help, help!

La. Vaine. That's his voice! what can be the matter? the Key is in the door, I'll in and see——

(She unlocks the door.)

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. O Madam! your humble servant! If I don't murder *Stanford*, may I never have any share in your Ladiships favour.

La. Vaine. Did he lock you in?

Sir Pos. Yes, Madam, for which with this Blade that is inur'd to slaughter, will I slice him into Atoms.

La. Vaine. No, sweet *Sir Positive* restrain your passion, such a fellow as he deserves to be toss'd in a blanket.

Sir Pos. No, no, never talk of that, Madam! Such a Revenge is below me, but I have a Pen that will bite, and I'll do it vigorously. And yet the

the Rogue has done me a kindness: for if he had not lock'd me up, I had mis'd of your Ladship.

La. Vaine. Sir, upon my honour, I intended not to have stay'd from you!

Sir Pos. But Madam, the loss of you has put me into that fright, that I desire to make sure of you.

La. Vaine. As how, good Sir?

Sir Pos. To marry you this Night.

La. Vaine. That's short Warning.

Sir Pos. But Madam, I have had your promise these three days, and that's long enough to expect performance.

Bridg. Madam, ev'n take him at his Word.

La. Vaine. But how shall I answer that to my friend in the Country?

Bridg. Ne're trouble your self for that, Madam, 'tis fashionable to have a servant as well as a husband, and besides the pleasure of a Gallant, there will be another, which is no small one to some women, of deceiving your husband.

La. Vaine. Thou art in the right, Wench: besides the failing of this assignation has set me so agog, I would very unwillingly lye alone to night.

Sir Pos. Come Madam, I see you are consulting: I'll send for a Parson shall soon finish the debate.

La. Vaine. Well Sir! your Intentions are so honourable, I submit to you.

Sir Pos. O intolerable happiness! Let's dispatch it immediately in this house.

La. Vaine. No Sir! I'll carry you to a more private place.

Sir Pos. Come Madam, I'll wait on you. —

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lovel, Carolina.

Car. Now I have dispatch'd this important business of woman-kind, which is making themselves fine, we may return.

Lov. To the place from whence we came, and from thence to the place of Execution, if you please: I'll have a Levite ready.

Car. No Sir, I know you are too true a Son of the Church to venture that after the Canonical hour.

Lov. I am not so formal to observe a Method in any thing; besides, Marriage being at best unseasonable, can never be less than now.

Car. To speak gravely; let us first take the advice of our pillows: since sleep being a great setter of the brain, may be an Enemy to Marriage, for one wou'd think that few in their right Wits wou'd undertake so unseasonable an action, as you call it.

Lov. Must people then be tam'd into Marriage? as they man Hawks with watching.

Enter

Enter Stanford, Emilia, Roger.

Car. What's here? my Sister with *Stanford*?

Emil. How unlucky is this, my Sister, and an idle fellow with her?

Stanf. Ne're trouble your self, if your Sister be not a Fop,
He's none I'll assure you.

Emil. You are a very Competent Judge indeed.

Car. How now Sister, can you with all your gravity steal away by night
with a Gentleman?

Lov. Come *Stanford*, there's Love betwixt you; for nothing else can
make men and women so shame-fac'd as to seek out private places.

Car. Come Sister, if it be so, ne're mince the matter, 'tis the way of all
flesh.

Lov. And we are so far onward on that way, that if you don't make
haste you will scarce overtake us.

Car. Come, confess *Emilia*, what brought you hither?

Emil. I came to flye from Impertinence, and I have found it here.

Car. That will not bring you off Sister: for if you did not like this
Gentleman very well, you wou'd flye from him as soon as any man.

Stanf. For my part, I only came to defend her from Assaults at this time
o' night.

Lov. If you had not an extraordinary value for her, you would not
play the Knight-Errant to my knowledge; Is not this dissimulation of
yours very ridiculous?

Stanf. I must needs confess I never saw any Woman I disliked less.

Car. And, What say you Sister of this Gentleman?

Emil. To give the Devil his due, I have met with less affliction from him
than from other men.

Car. Nay, then in good earnest it must be a match.

Emil. That's wisely propos'd of you to me, that am immediately leaving
the World.

Stanf. Pox on her! how she pleases me ———— (*Aside.*
to *Emil.* Why, Who intends to stay behind?

Car. If you neglect this opportunity, Sister, you'll ne're be so well match'd
agen.

Stanf. 'Twill not be so pleasant to go alone as you imagine.

Car. No, no, take hands and march along I say.

Emil. That wou'd be much to the advantage of my honour.

Lov. I'll send for one shall satisfy that scruple, Madam.

Emil. The Remedy is almost as bad as the Disease.

Stanf. Perhaps if you consider it, 'twill be your wisest course.

Emil. No doubt I shou'd have an admirable Companion of you, as you
think.

Car.

Car. I find you have so great a passion for the Country Gentleman my Father has provided for you, you will never be perswaded to be false to him.

Emil. He will be the greatest plague of all: What shall I do to be rid of him?

Car. There is but one way, Sister; Ev'n dispose of your self to that honest Gentleman, to have and to hold.

Stanf. 'Twill be very discreetly done, not to quit your self of this Country Fellow, and the rest of your Fools, now it is in your power.

Lov. Faith, Madam, be perswaded and joyn hands.

Stanf. The truth is, I think we cannot do better than to leave the World together: 'twill be very uncomfortable wandring in Desarts for you alone.

Emil. If I shou'd be so mad as to joyn hands with you, 'twould not be so much an Argument of Kindness to you, as Love to my self; since at best I am forc'd to chuse the least of two great Evils, either to be quite alone, or to have ill Company.

Lov. This will end in Marriage I see.

Emil. O no! I dare not think of that, if he shou'd grow troublesome, then 'twould be out of my power to cast him off.

Stanf. Why there's no necessity we should be such Puppies as the rest of Men and Wives are, if we fall out, to live together, and quarrel on.

Emil. The Conditions of Wedlock are the same to all.

Stanf. Whatsoever the Publick Conditions are, our private ones shall be, if either grows a Fop, the other shall have liberty to part.

Emil. I must confess that's reasonable.

Lov. Away Roger, and fetch a Canonical Gentleman.

Rog. I will, Sir.

Lov. Faith, Madam, you have taken great pains, Was't for your self or me you did it?

Car. You have a very civil opinion of your self I see.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O Sir! yonder's Sir Positive and my Lady Vaine just alighted at the Door, with the man you sent for.

Emil. O undone! ruin'd for ever!

Stanf. 'Slife you Rascal, did not you tell me I might be private here?

Rog. Pray Sir do not fret, but make your escape out at the back door.

Stanf. Away, away! quickly for Heavens sake!

Lov. Come, Madam! let's follow 'em ————— (Exeunt omnes.)

Enter Ninny and Woodcock.

Nin. Will you never leave ones Room a little? I tell you I am busie;

Wood. So am I, and 'tis my Room, dear heart, let me tell you that.

Nin.

Ninn. Before *George Woodcock*, 'tis very Impertinent to trouble one thus.

Wood. So 'tis, *Ninny*, I wonder you'd do't; for my part, a man that had the least Soul of Poetry in him, would scorn to do this.

Ninny. What! Do you say I have not a Soul of Poetry in me? I don't love to commend my self, *Woodcock*; but now I am forc't to't, I must tell you, I have six times as much power in me, as you have.

Wood. You lye, Dear Heart!

Ninny. Why, you lye then, to tell me that I lye, so you do.

Wood. You are a Son of a Whore, Dear Heart, to tell me I lye.

Ninny. You are a Son of a Whore as well as my self, to tell me so, and you go to that.

Wood. I, I, you may say your pleasure; but have a care Bully-Rock, for if you give me the least affront, I'll break your Pate, take that from me.

Ninny. I'll take it from no man: if you do, I'll break yours agen man, for all you are so brief: 'Slife, one shan't speak to you one of these days, you are grown so purdy.

Wood. Well! well! Dear Heart!

Ninny. Well, well too! and you go to that, if you be so fierce: But, I'de fain know what occasion there is for you and I to quarrel now.

Wood. Ay, what indeed Dear Heart? Therefore, prethee Dear Soul kiss me; Dear Rogue, if thou lov'st me, go out of my Room.

Ninny. No, good sweet *Woodcock* now, go thee, I'll do as much for thee another time, as I hope to Live.

Wood. Dear Curr I love thee; but prethee excuse me, I have a Mistress to meet in this very Room; Therefore dear pretty *Ninny* leave me.

Ninny. Cods my Life kins to see the luck on't: may I never verlify agen if I am not here upon the same occasion; I'll give thee five Guinnys if thou'lt leave me: I shall spare 'em well enough when I have got her. (*Aside.*

Wood. I'de have you know, *Ninny*, I scorn your Guinnys: alas, poor Fool, he little thinks I shall be in a better Condition to spare fifty then he can five: Why then, in short, let me tell you I am to be marry'd within this half hour, in this very Room, Dear Heart.

Ninny. This is prodigious! may I never have Play take agen if I am not to be marry'd here within this half hour, and to a very great Fortune too.

Wood. So is mine, Bully-Rock!

Ninny. Dear *Woodcock*, let's reconcile this business here; I have two Dice, he that throws most, stays: then am I sure to be too hard for him that way, for I can nap a Six a-yard. (*Aside.*

Wood. No, not I: by the Lord *Harry*, I'll not trust a business of that Concernment to Fortune.

Ninny. Nay, then Sir, I will keep my Room, I was first in't.

Wood. By that rule you shou'd go first out.

Ninny. 'Tis not you can turn me out.

Wood. Say you so? I'll try that.

(*Draw, and fight at distance.*

Ninny.

Ninny. At your own peril!

Wood. Can't you stand a little? Why do you go back so, Dear Heart?

Ninny. Let me alone, I know what I do in going back, I have the Law on my side, and if I kill you, it will be found *se defendenda*.

Wood. Ay, ay, Have you murder'ous Intentions, Dear Heart? If you do kill me, I will declare upon my Death-bed, that you had Malice in your Heart, Dear Heart.

Ninny. Who I? as I hope to be sav'd I scorn your Words: I Malice? do your worst: I am better known then so: I am not so outrageous: pray hear me a Word: You know we Authors and Ingenious Men, have a great many Enemies.

Wood. We have so.

Ninny. At this rate we may kill one another: and a Pox on 'em they'd be glad on't; and for my part I wou'd not dye to please any of 'em.

Wood. Nor I neither; therefore prethee leave me my Room, to prevent danger.

Ninny. I am not so base: but, if you will, let us lay down these dangerous Engines of Blood, and contend a safer way, by the way of Cuffe and Kick.

Wood. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; what a Pox care I: come, come, you shall see I dare do any thing, since you are resolv'd to try me. *(Enter two Servants, and part 'em, and Ex.)*

Enter Stanford, Lovel, Carolina, Emilia, Roger.

Stanf. Here we are in as much danger as ever: Could any thing be so foolish as returning to the place from whence we fled?

Emil. 'Tis a sweet time of night to go upon the Ramble.

Car. We are safe enough from any body but my Father; and we cannot be troubled with him long: 'tis his hour of going to Bed.

Emil. How shall we dispose of the Country Fellow, if he should return?

Rog. Let me alone; I'll find a Trick for him: I liv'd in the same Town with him, and know him to be a down-right credulous man, that will swallow any thing.

Enter Father and Country-man.

Stanf. Now see what you have brought your self to.

Fath. Come Daughter, What think you of my choice of a Husband, He's extreme rich; and, Is he not a very accomplish'd Gentleman, hah?

Emil. There's a Fellow indeed, why he has not Soul enough for a Cock-Chicken.

Fath. You are a foolish froward Girl thus to despise your happiness; I'll tell you, either resolve to Marry him to morrow morning —

L

Lov.

Low. Heark you Sir! if you will take my advice, be not so hasty: you know young Ladies are always Coy, and out of their little knowledge of the World, are apt to refuse that which may prove their greatest happiness.

Fath. What would you have me do with one that is so obdurate?

Cow. If you please, take some milder way: let us withdraw, and we'll all help to persuade her: you know it is not proper to be done before him.

Fath. I'll be rul'd in this: but if persuasions will not do, force shall.

Cow. Be sure you seem pliant to his Commands, it may advance our design.

Fath. Sir, we'll wait on you again presently. *(Exit Cow. G. & Rog.)*

Cow. Gent. Your Servant Sir! — honest Roger, in sober sadness I am glad to see you well; I had almost forgot you.

Rog. And how does your sweet Sister Madam Dorothy?

Cow. Gent. O brave and lusty, as sound as a Roach, as they say.

Rog. I heard your Worship was Knighted.

Cow. Gent. No not I Roger: I am not ambitious of that: As the excellent Proverb says; Honour will buy no Beer.

Rog. Now we are alone, Sir, I am oblig'd to tell you, I am sorry to see one, whom I so much honour'd, so ill us'd.

Cow. Gent. Pish! it's no matter man! I care not for Knight-hood on's pin of my sleeve, as the saying is.

Rog. Sir, I mean something concerns your Worship nearer.

Cow. Gent. Nearer! What can that be?

Rog. I must beg your pardon for that; I may be ruin'd for my endeavours to serve you.

Cow. Gent. What, would any of your Town-Gallants bob me of my Mistress?

Rog. That were too good news for you to be true.

Cow. Gent. Thank you for nothing! Is this the honour you have for me, to wish me the loss of a Mistress worth 10000 l. d'ye see? udds nigs that's a good one indeed.

Rog. Yoo-ho-ho! Ha, ha, ha! would she had it for her own sake and yours too!

Cow. Gent. Faith are you there with your Bears? nay then I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market.

Rog. If she had had one of those thousands, my Master would have Marry'd her long e're this; Sir, I have always honour'd you, and could not in Conscience but tell you this, and now it is in your power to ruin me.

Cow. Gent. Nay, I'll be as silent as a Dormouse, but is it possible? —

Rog. Nay, do not believe me if you please; but I have discharg'd my duty: and, if you Marry her, the inconvenience will be yours, not mine: Besides, if she had that Fortune you speak of, which she has as much as I have; What good would it do you in the end? She'll ne'r be persuaded to live in the Country, you must keep her in Town, with her Coach and Six Horses,

Horses, Pages and Lacquies: and she must visit the Plays, the Park, and the Mulberry-Garden.

Count. Gent. O Lamen-table! this were the way to get a pair of Horns bigger than the Stags head in my Hall has: but, if I were Marry'd to her, I'd get her into the Country as sure as a Gun.

Rog. If you shou'd, you'd have every week this Earl, that Lord; this Knight, and that Gentleman of her kindred come to take the fresh Air; and to Hunt and Hawk with you in time of year.

Count. Gent. Why they wou'd get me out of House and Home, as the saying is.

Rog. They would despise your Beef and Mutton: you must keep a couple of French Cooks; and eat nothing but Potrages, Fricassee, and Ragouts, your Champignons, Coxcombs and Pallats, your Andoilles, your Langue de porceau, your Bisks and your Olio's.

Count. Gent. What are all these, several sorts of Sweet-Meats?

Rog. O no Sir! these must be your constant food, and every Dish will cost you a Piece; and, Will this be done with a small Portion of a Thousand Pound?

Count. Gent. I shou'd soon bring a Noble to Nine-pence then, as they say.

Rog. Then you must have your Quails, Ruffs, Gnats, Godwits, Plover, Dotrills, Wheat-Ear, Cock of the Wood, and a hundred sorts of Fowls: besides, they would scorn your Ale and Cider, and March-Beer; you must have your Cellar full of Champaign, Chablee, Burgundy, and Remedy Wines; But Mum Sir, if you love me.

Enter Father, Stanf, Emil, Carol, Lov.

Fath. Come, Sir, I have brought my Daughter to be obedient to my Commands, and I would have you prepare to be Marry'd to morrow morning.

Count. Gent. I shall sail you, d'ye see.

Fath. What is't you say?

Count. Gent. I shan't be so civil, as the saying is.

Fath. This is madness.

Count. Gent. No Sir, no; There's no catching old Birds with Chaffe, Fare-you-well.

Fath. D'hear Sir!

Count. Gent. No, Sir, fare ye well. I am no Bubble, as they say. (Exit.

Fath. I am amazed! He after him, and inquire into the business; I must not lose this Son-in-Law. (Exit.

Level. The Rogue has done it dextrously,

Enter Roger.

Rog. Come Sir, here's a Parson in the next Room, dispatch, while the old

old Gentleman's out of the House.

*(They are going out.)**Enter Woodcock.**Stanf.* 'Slife, Woodcock's here! I'll cut his Throat.*Emil.* Pray none of your Hectors here, to Alarm the House.*Wood.* How now, Dear Heart! Why did not you come to me as you promis'd?*Emil.* For Heavens sake go up into the Room two pair of Stairs, and I'll steal from hence, and give you an Account: make haste.*Law.* Come let's in before we be interrupted again. *(Ex. Wood.)**Enter Ninny.**Nin.* Hi!st Madam; before George 'twas unkindly done, not to remember your assignation just now.*Emil.* You'll spoil all: I could not get loose; run into the Garden, there's a back door: I'll come to you immediately, make haste, we are observ'd.*Nin.* O ho! this is something.*Stanf.* This woman has a soul.*(Exeunt omnes.)**Enter Huffle drunk.**Huff.* I have pursu'd him into this house, that has abus'd me so basely behind my back; and by this Whiniard, and by the spirit of Gun-powder, I'll sacrifice him to my fury: Come out you Son of a Whore.*Enter Stanford, and the rest after him; Stanford presses upon**Huffle, and he follows.**Stanf.* That this Puppy shou'd provoke me to draw upon him, that is so drunk he cannot stand!*Huff.* That's a mistake; not so drunk yet, but if I had stood soberly too, I should have been run through the Lungs before this. *(To himself.)**Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.**Emil.* Is there no end of our affliction?*Sir Pos.* Dear Cousin and Jack Stanford, give me Joy, I am marry'd to a Lady that is the greatest Pattern of Wit, and the greatest Example of Virtue that this Age hath produc'd, and for her face look upon't, look upon it I say! she's a beauty, take that from me, what say you Stanford?*(Flourish within.)**Stanf.* Yes, yes, she's curiously handsome.*La. Vaine.*

La. Vain. If my glass does not flatter me, you are not deceiv'd in your Judgment, dear Sir.

Sir Pos. Here I have brought Fiddles to rejoyce with you *Jack* and *Cousin*, since I know you love mirth as well as I do.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. I had waited for thee my dear *Mis*, if this unexpected Musick had not brought me hither.

Enter Ninny.

Ninny. How now? what Fiddles are these?

Sir Pos. You dogs, are you here? now Madam you shall see how I'll chastise these fellows that wou'd be Wits.

Wood. Hold dear Rogue! why should'st thou be angry? upon my honour I did but droll with thee, for by the Lord *Harry* I take thee to be one of the pillars of the Nation, Dear Heart!

Sir Pos. O, do you so?

Ninny. Dear Sir *Positive*, I beg your pardon a thousand times, for my part I believe there never was a man of that prodigious understanding that you have.

Sir Pos. Do you so? I knew it was impossible they shou'd be in Earnest, but do you hear? have a Care of being *Positive* another time, a man wou'd think you might learn more Modesty of me.

Wood. Come Dear Heart, art thou here? prethee kiss me, and let's be friends for all our late Cussing: what need we care for a dounce or two of the Chops, Bully Rock?

Ninny. Nay for my part I value it as little as you do, and you go to that.

Enter Father and Country Gentleman.

Fath. What Riot's this in my house? at this time o' night?

Sir Pos. Riot! do you understand what a Riot is in Law? I'll tell you: for no man in this Nation has committed more then I have.

Fath. Tell me not of Law, Sir; what mean these Fiddles I say at this time o' night?

Sir Pos. Uncle, they are mine: I am marry'd to this Lady, and resolve to be merry in your house before we go to Bed.

Fath. Is that it? give you Joy, your Cousin *Emilia* and this Gentleman will not be long after ye.

Stanf. Sir, you are mistaken, your Daughter has dispos'd her self in another place.

Wood. How the Devil did he know that, *Ninny*?

Ninny.

Ninny. He little thinks where she has bestow'd her self, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. No, no, nor thee neither, dear Rogue, ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. Well honest *Woodcock*, I think I may trust thee, thou art my Friend: I am the man she has made choice of, and thou shalt be my Bride-man.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha, poor whelp! how he will find himself bobb'd immediately! that this Coxcomb should not find all this while that I am the man! *(Aside.)*

Fath. It cannot be; what without my Knowledge or Consent?

Wood. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on; Dear Heart.

Ninny. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on.

Fath. To whom?

Stanf. } To me.

Wood. } To me.

Ninny. } To me.

Fath. How now, to all three?

Car. Sir she has taken Master *Stanford*, and I Master *Lovel*, as sure as a Parson can make us.

Fath. What do I hear?

Car. Sir, I beseech you be not offended, their Births and Fortunes are not unequal to ours, and if they were, 'twere too late for it to be redress'd.

Fath. Is this true?

Emil. Yes Sir, perhaps too true.

(To Stanford.)

Wood. Am I fool'd after all this? well, I say no more, Dear Hearts.

Ninny. Well, let the Nation sink or swim an't will for me: henceforward instead of Heroick Verse, hereafter I will shew all my power, and soul and flame, and mettle in Lampoon, I durst have sworn she had lov'd me.

Fath. Well! Heaven bless you together, since you have don't.

Con. Gent. So Sir, I see my Cakes dough, as they say; but I hope you'll pay the Charges of my Journey, d'ye see.

Sir Pos. Well Cousins, I am glad of your good Fortunes, and for my own part, if I understand anything in the World, I am happy in this Lady.

La. Vain. Sir! you are pleas'd to Complement.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Sir *Positive* here's a Letter was left for you, 'it comes out of the Country.

Sir Pos. } *Sir Positive* I am inform'd, but know not how to believe it,
reads. } that you intend to marry one that calls her self my Lady
Vaine: The respect I have for your family urges me to tell you she is a Counter-
feit Lady, and is at present my Mistress, by whom I have had one child, and
I believe she's half gone of another, all the Fortune she has is what I allow her.

I have seen enough, how am I perplex'd ? read *Lovel*.

Forb. Come Master *Woodcock* and Master *Ninny*, notwithstanding you are dispers'd let's have your Company a little longer.

Wood. Nay for my part, Dear Heart, I do not care what becomes of me.

Ninny. Nor I neither as little as any man.

Lov. Don't betray your self to the Company. (To Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Well ! this is the first thing in the World that I have met with which I did not understand : but I am resolv'd, I'll not acknowledge that : Master *Lovel*, I knew well enough what I did when I marry'd her, He's a wise man that marrys a harlot, he's on the surest side, who but an Ass would marry at uncertainty ?

Lov. What will not a Positive Coxcomb defend ?

Car. Since we are all agreed : instead of a grand Dance according to the laudable Custom of Weddings, I have found out a little Comical Gentleman to entertain you with.

Enter a boy in the habit of Pugenello, and traverses the Stage, takes his Chair, and sits down, then Dances a Jigg.

Emil. No Wedding day was ever so troublesome as this has been to me -
Sranf. Make haste and quit the Trouble.

*Now to some distant desert let's repair :
And there put off all our unhappy Care,
There certainly that freedom we must find,
Which is deny'd to us among Mankind.*

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

Physicians tell us, that in every Age
 Some one particular Disease does rage,
 The Scurvy once, and what you call the Gout,
 But Heaven be prais'd their Reign is almost out;
 Yet a worse malady than both is bred,
 For Poetry now reigneth in their stead:
 The Itch of writing Plays, the more's the pity,
 At once has seiz'd the Town, the Court, and City.
 Amongst the rest, the Poet of this day
 By meer infection has produc'd a Play.
 Once his hot fit was strong when he was bold
 To write, but while you judge he's in the Cold;
 Yet pray consider, few of you but may
 Be given up so far to write a Play:
 If not for his, for your own sakes be kind,
 And give that mercy which you hope to find.

THE END.